

INQUIRY

MAGAZINE

APRIL 2, 1979 • \$1.25

Peter Schrag: *The Antismoking Crusade*

Barton J. Bernstein: *JFK Brinkmanship*

The Real Taiwan Issue; Philippine Revolt

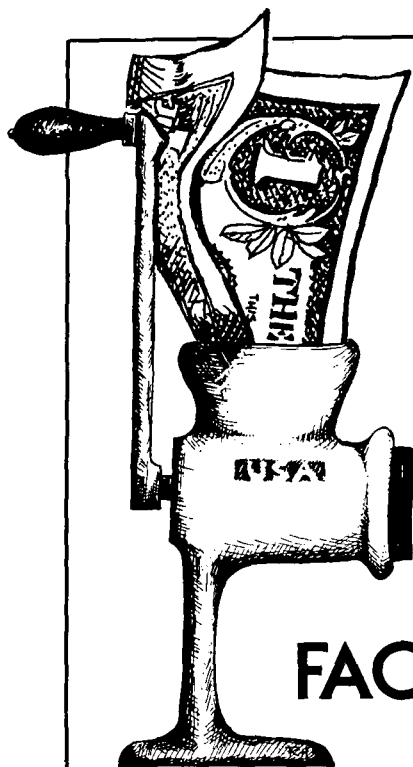
How China Played the American Card

TAX REVOLT

Saying No to the IRS

By FRANK BROWNING





FACT: 40c of every dollar you earn goes to taxes.

FACT: You don't have much control over how those taxes are spent.

FACT: NATIONAL OPINION POLL can help you change that.

I am interested in the National Opinion Poll.

- ☐ Please send me more information.
☐ Please enroll me as a member.
☐ Please add additional voter privilege to my membership.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Additional voter name _____

☐ \$36 enclosed for each 12-month membership. ☐ Plus \$12 for addit. voter.

☐ Bill me later. ☐ Master Charge ☐ Visa Card # _____

Expiration date _____ Bank # _____

Signature _____

Note: If you are not satisfied with your membership in N.O.P. we will refund the unexpired portion at your request.

National Opinion Poll
30 N. San Pedro Road
San Rafael, CA. 94903

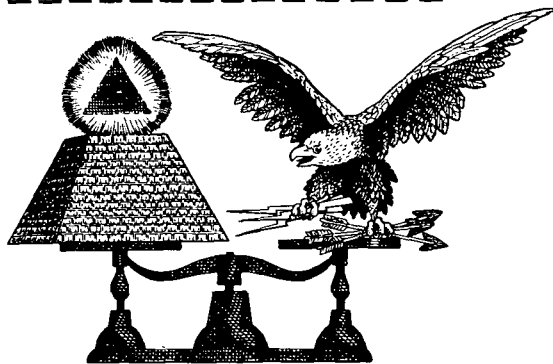


This is your invitation to become involved in an exciting chain of events that will connect you with your lawmakers in Washington. It's a new process called National Opinion Poll, which uses the combined media of the mails, the telephone, a computer, polling kits, a magazine, and the resources of one of the largest public relations firms in the country to get your opinions forcefully across to Congress and the press. It makes it possible for you to vote each month on four major decisions currently facing Congress—decisions affecting your tax dollars. And since 40¢ of every dollar you earn goes to taxes, isn't it about time you had some say over how that money is spent?

When you enroll in the National Opinion Poll, you'll receive a Voter Registration Kit, including a confidential Voter Identification Number (your passkey to the National Opinion Poll) and a toll-free telephone number you can use to place your vote. You also receive a year's subscription to the National Opinion Poll magazine!

The National Opinion Poll will provide you with key information about the decision-making process in government today. But more important, you can now participate in that process. By plugging into the National Opinion Poll, you'll be plugging into the debates going on in Washington. Congress needs your input, and you can give it to them effectively — by joining thousands of other Americans participating each month in this powerful new process.

You'll be hearing a lot about the National Opinion Poll in the coming months. But don't just read about us. Start participating today. Complete and mail your coupon now.



National
Opinion Poll

Call Toll Free 800-648-5321

INQUIRY®

A P R I L 2, 1 9 7 9

Tax revolt!

FRANK BROWNING p. 11

Rebellion in the Philippines

LELA NOBLE p. 16

Inquiries p. 2

Therapeutic State

Should the FDA ban H₂O?

by Thomas Szasz p. 4

Politics

The antismoking crusade burns

out, by Peter Schrag p. 6

Dispatch

The real Taiwan issue,

by Thomas M. Thompson p. 7

Books

Reviews by Barton J. Bernstein, Jeff

Riggenbach, & Nicolas Walter p. 19

Music

The dimensions of Mingus,

by Nat Hentoff p. 27

Film

Hardcore, reviewed by

Stephen Harvey p. 29

Letters p. 32

EDWARD H. CRANE III, Publisher

WILLIAMSON M. EVERS, Editor

RALPH RAICO, Senior Editor

PHIL STANFORD, Senior Editor

MARK PAUL, Associate Editor

JONATHAN MARSHALL, Associate Editor

RUTH K. FRANKLIN, Copy Editor

ELIZABETH LAFFERTY, Assistant Copy Editor

MARINA HIRSCH, Research

MARY ANN GENDALL, Art Director

BRUCE MCGILLIVRAY, Staff Illustrator

WENDY SCHWARTZ, Production and Layout

JENNIFER WALLACE, Production Manager

JANIS COLLINS, SUSAN STROTMAN,

CHRIS HUTMACHER, Staff

WILLIAM ABRAHAMS, BARTON J. BERNSTEIN,

DIANE DIVOKY, PENNY LERNOUX,

EARL C. RAVENAL, MURRAY N. ROTHBARD,

PETER SCHRAG, WILLIAM SHAWCROSS,

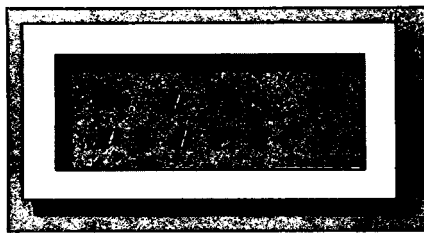
ROSE STYRON, THOMAS SZASZ,

NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN, Contributing Editors;

STEPHEN HARVEY, Films;

DANA GIOIA, Literature

INQUIRY MAGAZINE, Volume 2, Number 8,
April 2, 1979. Published semimonthly except
for January, June, July, and August, when
monthly. INQUIRY is published at 2525 E.
Bayshore Road, Palo Alto, CA 94303. Second-
class postage paid at Palo Alto, CA and additional
mailing offices. Annual subscription price: \$12.50;
single copy price: \$1.25. Overseas subscription
price: \$23.50 surface mail; \$45.00 airmail. Send
subscription requests and address corrections to:
P.O. Box 2500, Menlo Park, CA 94025. POST-
MASTER: Send address corrections to P.O. Box
2500, Menlo Park, CA 94025. Copyright 1979 by
Cato Institute. ISSN No. 0148-5008. Address all
editorial correspondence to INQUIRY, 1700 Mont-
gomery St., San Francisco, CA 94111, (415) 433-4319.



Progress report

■ The president of the nation's largest public employees union said today that the vote by Californians to reduce property taxes reflected the ineptness of politicians and government managers.

Jerry Wurf, president of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, called the vote "an aberration."

—New York Times, June 12, 1978

■ Jerry Wurf, president of the large American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, said that his union "is spending like it's going out of style" to change the direction of the anti-tax, anti-spending movement spawned by Proposition 13 in California that called for cuts in property taxes. "But they are winning over our own people," he said, converting the rank and file to the anti-spending movement that union leaders say will cost jobs.

—New York Times, Feb. 26, 1979

Actually, we've been hoping he'd get tired of it

■ Ronald Reagan, who will be 69 years old just before next year's New Hampshire Presidential primary, and his backers have decided to meet the age issue head on by bringing the subject up early and hoping the public will tire of it.

—New York Times, Jan. 23, 1979

If only it were a little less risky...

■ Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal delivered a message from President Carter to China's leadership today calling for the withdrawal of troops from Vietnam "as quickly as possible" because the invasion "ran risks that were unwarranted."

—New York Times, Feb. 28, 1979

For reasons of state

■ Keeping out illegal aliens is not anti-Mexican. It is a matter of observing our laws. The laws are there for good reason.

—US News & World Report, Feb. 19, 1979

If there isn't a problem now, there soon will be

■ The Department of Housing and Urban Development said today that displacement of poor people by the private revitalization of slum neighborhoods was minimal, but it promised to do something about it anyway.

—New York Times, Feb. 14, 1979

Political arithmetic

■ Voicing the feeling of an increasing number of legislators on Capitol Hill, Senator Edmund S. Muskie of Maine warned today that if the states succeeded in amending the Constitution to mandate a balanced federal budget, Federal aid to the states would be the primary target of budget cutters.

"That's not a threat, but arithmetic," Mr. Muskie... said...

—New York Times, Feb. 14, 1979

We wish he'd exhausted it long ago

■ I've personally exhausted my capacity to be concerned about Vietnam...

—DEAN RUSK, former secretary of state, quoted in the New York Times, Feb. 22, 1979

Bet it was a close call

■ The executive board of the teamsters' union has cleared the union's president, Frank E. Fitzsimmons, of charges that he misused union funds and allowed organized crime to infiltrate the labor organization, union officials said today.

—New York Times, Feb. 17, 1979

It's not a police force, it's a peace-keeping force

■ On the Middle East, Mr. Carter said that Egypt could become a "legitimate stabilizing force" in protecting the smaller nations of the area, especially after the conclusion of a peace treaty with Israel. Such a treaty, he said, would free more than five Egyptian divisions now stationed in the Sinai.

Although he cautioned against the idea of Egypt trying to become a regional police force, the President noted that the Egyptian divisions "perhaps would never be used, but at least any entity that threatened to attack another country in the Middle East would be faced with the prospects that those Egyptian forces might very well be used to preserve the peace."

—New York Times, Feb. 23, 1979

Teng plays his American card

Carter's phony neutrality

THE RECENT BLOODSHED IN INDON-
 china has brought little comfort to those who
 like their wars morally neat and tidy. Between
 Pol Pot, the butcher, and Pham Van Dong, the
 bully, there isn't much to choose, and now that
 Teng Hsiao-ping, China's vice premier, has weighed into
 the fray, trying to prove he's the toughest kid on the block,
 even the Chinese have fallen from their pedestal. This has
 caused great pain among the folks who think that a coun-
 try becomes peace-loving any time it puts a red star on its
 flag. The war has also made some hawks flutter madly in
 their cages. For instance, William Safire writes that Ameri-
 cans should root for the Vietnamese against the Cam-
 bodians (because of the evils of the Pol Pot regime) but
 should pull for the Chinese against the Vietnamese (be-
 cause the Vietnamese are allies of the Soviets) and, if the
 war spreads to the north, should cheer on the Chinese
 against the Russians (because the Russians are the Rus-
 sians). But as crazy as this sounds, in our book it ranks only
 a notch or two below the hypocritical and cynical policy
 the Carter administration has followed in leaning toward
 Zbigniew Brzezinski's polar-bear-hunting companions in
 Peking.

Officially, the administration smugly proclaims its neu-
 trality in the conflict between Vietnam and China, but in
 its words and deeds the White House has tilted so far to-
 ward China that Amy Carter can no longer play marbles
 on the floor of the Oval Office. When Vietnam invaded
 Cambodia, the State Department screamed that Hanoi
 was "guilty of aggression"; but when China sent its armies
 into Vietnam, American officials simply expressed concern
 that the Chinese "incursion" would "risk wider war and
 turn public opinion against the transgressor." When pro-
 Western, Islamic rebels shot the American ambassador to
 Afghanistan, Washington fired off a fierce protest to Mos-
 cow, complaining—incorrectly, it turned out—that Soviet
 advisers to the local police had ignored U.S. requests on
 handling the kidnapping. But when the Chinese crossed
 the Vietnamese frontier, shelling villages and bombing
 factories, Carter sent Treasury Secretary Michael Blumen-
 thal to Peking to talk about loans and trade. Between trade
 negotiations and Peking duck, he found the time to remind
 his hosts mildly that "respect for the independence and
 territorial integrity of all nations and reliance on peaceful
 means to resolve disputes are the fundamental principles
 of international conduct."

No Orwellian turn of language can disguise the fact that
 Blumenthal's visit was a signal of Carter's tacit approval of
 the Chinese invasion. Before the treasury secretary left
 Washington, officials made a special effort to convince re-
 porters that there was no link, and should be none, between
 the visit and the invasion of Vietnam. Reminded that last
 summer Carter canceled several missions to Moscow in
 protest over the trials of Soviet dissidents, an administra-
 tion official replied that, unlike the Soviet trials, the Chi-
 nese invasion did not directly affect China's ties with the
 United States. In other words, the Soviets will be punished
 diplomatically if they flout Carter's prescriptions for han-
 dling their internal affairs, but China can invade its neigh-
 bors and risk World War III without provoking anything
 more than a minor scolding. By the time Blumenthal got
 to Peking, the American position had become even more
 spineless. After meeting with Teng on February 27, Blu-
 menthal told reporters, "I indicated to him that we were
 opposed to the solving of international disputes by means
 of force, by violation of international borders, because that
 ran a risk that is unwarranted." Since reporters were not
 allowed at the meeting, it is not known whether the Chi-
 nese quaked in their boots.

As anyone knows who reads these pages regularly, we
 hold no brief for the Vietnamese [*INQUIRY*, July 10, 1978;
 Feb. 19, 1979]. Many of the troubles they now suffer are
 the result of their illiberal and arrogant policies at home
 and abroad. But just as surely, China and the United
 States share a major responsibility for shaping the current
 crisis. The next time Carter says that normalizing relations
 with China is just a matter of "recognizing simple reality,"
 somebody should ask why "simple reality" has not dictated
 establishing diplomatic or trade relations with the Viet-
 namese.



For years the Vietnamese have been eager for closer ties with the United States, but American leaders have rebuffed the approaches, first on the ground that the Vietnamese were being impolitic in demanding the U.S. aid that Kissinger had promised, and then because Vietnam had grown too close to the Soviet Union. Charges that Vietnam is too chummy with the Russians become self-fulfilling prophecies: What course was Vietnam supposed to follow when the United States refused trade and recognition, and China encouraged Pol Pot's border war against Vietnam and fanned ethnic tension within Vietnam's Chinese community? And now, after years of policies that pushed Vietnam into the arms of the Soviets, and an invasion by America's new friend, China, administration officials have begun to worry that Vietnam might be forced to let the Russians have Cam Ranh Bay as a naval base. If this happens, they say, then the United States will have to consider some kind of security relationship with China.

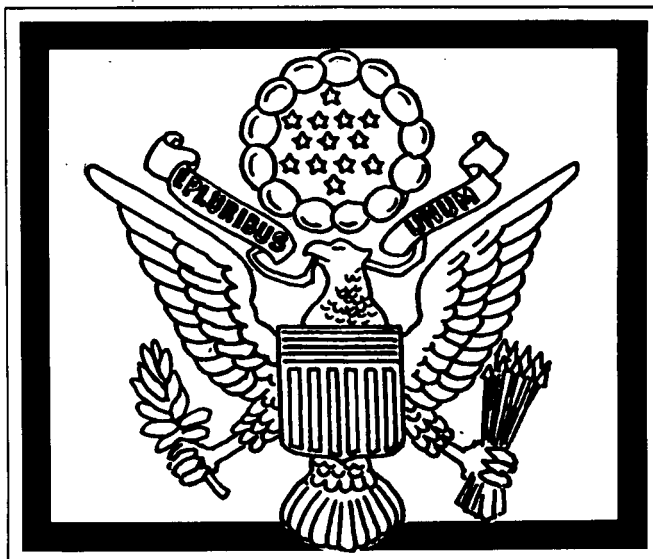
Such is the skill with which Teng has played his American card. And what does the United States gain from its complicity in China's aggression? A little oil and some contracts to supply high-technology goods? How does that balance out against the possibility of a wider war and an end to détente? Or do American officials think China, with its backward economy and outmoded military, is going to be a useful junior partner in the struggle against the polar bear? If that's the case, Carter and Brzezinski had better hope that the Soviets don't stop being gutless and irresolute in their support of their Vietnamese allies. For if the Soviet counterparts to Henry Kissinger and Howard Baker carry the day in the Kremlin, all the world is going to know that those who dealt the China card were playing with less than a full deck. ■

The best years of their lives

National servitude

NOW THAT PRESIDENTIAL ASPIRANT Jerry Brown has informed Georgetown University students that compulsory national service ought to be put "very high on the political agenda," and Congress will be considering national service bills introduced by Representatives Pete McCloskey (R-Calif.) and John Cavanaugh (D-Nebr.), it is time for a new look at this hoary proposal to fill the army and train America's youth.

Some argue that conscription must be revived to meet manpower requirements. But the all-volunteer armed force ended 1978 with 2000 more soldiers than it had budgeted for. In truth the extra money that Carter proposes for 1980 for the Selective Service System is both a quid pro quo to secure the support of hawks for his beloved SALT II treaty, and a move that meshes well with the efforts of the Pentagon and members of the congressional armed services committees to reimpose compulsory registration for the draft.



Reviving the draft will wreck the hopes and plans of young people while exploiting their labor at literally slave wages. As John Kenneth Galbraith once pointed out: "The draft [functions] principally as a device by which we use compulsion to get young men to serve at less than the market rate of pay. We shift the cost of military service from the well-to-do taxpayer who benefits by lower taxes to the impecunious young draftee."

But conscription isn't attractive only to global militarists who want a big army seemingly on the cheap—with the hidden costs borne by the young conscripts. It's also attractive, if civilian conscription is included, to the Bismarckian liberals who want unemployed street urchins scrubbed clean and marching to tunes of national unity. Andrew Young, for example, suggests that civilian conscripts wear uniforms like those of Olympic athletes.

McCloskey, who is among the most ardent of national service advocates, was deeply affected by his own experience in the marines and wants new generations to get similar training. But in addition, McCloskey addresses the unspoken fears of a few when he explicitly likens recruitment of blacks into a volunteer military to organized crime infiltration of the New York City police department. Instead of letting minorities find their own way in military careers that are increasingly attractive to them, McCloskey apparently wants to conscript reliable whites to control them.

McCloskey may not intend a racial affront when he warns that the army is getting blacker and at the same time says you can find no "reasonable young men in the military now," but it certainly sounds insulting.

When McCloskey announced his national service bill in mid-February, he acknowledged that it would be politically acceptable only if it added no new bureaucracy or costs. But Richard Cooper of the Rand Corporation estimates that a national service system that conscripted men and was open to women volunteers would cost \$50 billion. In contrast, according to Cooper, the extra budgetary cost of relying on volunteers has been \$300 million.

Compulsory national service would be involuntary servitude. It would be expensive. It would require a massive bureaucracy to process, channel, and supervise four million new conscripts a year. It would cripple, displace, or severely regulate existing volunteer social service agencies. In short, it would be a disaster. ■

Hysteria over Iran

IT'S NOT OFTEN THAT WE FIND ANY KIND words to say about Jimmy Carter's foreign policy, but perhaps an exception is warranted in the case of his response to the revolution in Iran. Apparently against the advice of the Brzezinski hard-liners within his administration, and the baying of right-wing hounds without, Carter wisely chose—albeit after months of unconditional support for the shah—to recognize the inevitability of Iran's popular revolution and to refrain from military or CIA intervention.

"It's not the policy of our government to go into the internal affairs of another people or country and try to determine who should be their leaders," Carter told a press conference after Bakhtiar's government fell. "I think we've tried it once in the past, in Vietnam, and failed abominably. And I think no one in this country of any responsibility wants to do that to a country, including Iran."

Unfortunately for Carter, plenty of irresponsible people have decried his "irresolute" handling of events in Iran, and by extension, in Afghanistan. Eugene Rostow, that perennial doomsayer, sees us "slipping toward impotence across the globe." Ronald Reagan compares Carter's conduct with "the sorry tapping of Neville Chamberlain's umbrella on the cobblestones of Munich." Our new friend Teng Hsiao-ping bluntly calls Carter's Iran policy "no good." Even liberal columnist Tom Wicker observes that the United States has gained a reputation for being "pushed around," and suggests that if Carter won't intervene in Iran, the least he can do is declare war on the "energy crisis."



At his Georgia Tech speech on February 21, Carter responded obliquely to his critics. "The United States cannot control events within other nations," he insisted. "... Those who argue that the United States should or could intervene directly to thwart these events are wrong about the realities of Iran."

One might think that Carter was only speaking from common sense. The United States hasn't had much luck recently in propping up unpopular dictatorships, nor have those regimes brought us much credit—witness Chile and Nicaragua. Military intervention just doesn't have quite the broad appeal it once had, in the days of Kennedy and Johnson. But Carter's critics seem to have slept through the last 15 years.

The *Wall Street Journal*, for example, still thinks the only real "mistake" we made in Vietnam was to overthrow Ngo Dinh Diem; the "great tragedy of the current administration," according to the *Journal*, is that Carter "stuffed" the State Department, the National Security Council, "and even the Pentagon" with officials who perversely believe that the Vietnam War illustrated something about the arrogance and inadequacy of American power. Does the *Journal* really believe that if Carter had sent an aircraft carrier into the Persian Gulf it would have "come in handy"? Should we have bombed some Iranian cities for spite, à la *Mayagüez*?

With his long and successful experience handling crises in such countries as Cambodia and Angola, Henry Kissinger has offered another prescription: The doctor would have kept quiet about human rights, backed the shah to the hilt, and unleashed the CIA. Unfortunately, he lamented in a recent interview, "the CIA has been emasculated in recent years, and we are paying for it now and not only in Iran." It's all so unjust, Kissinger complained; the CIA was guilty of "very few transgressions"—as if assassinations, drug experiments, mail opening, domestic spying, and the overthrow of governments were all business as usual. But one wonders: If the CIA's intelligence on Iran was so bad for so long, how could it have been effective in propping up the shah against the nearly unanimous hatred of the Iranian people?

Finally, there is Carter's most sensible critic, Joseph Kraft. He doesn't waste time fantasizing about landing the marines or depending on the CIA; in column after column, he has simply asked the administration to back a military coup. Too bad that Carter sent General Huyser to Iran to convince the generals to stay out of the fray; a good military dictatorship would have been just the thing for Iran—after all, we trained and armed them. "Only a big turn in Iran," Kraft wrote last January, "—only, to put it bluntly, a military coup—can restore the Northern Tier" of anti-Soviet states along the Indian Ocean.

We don't expect Carter's hawkish critics to be elated about the end of tyranny in Iran, or concerned about human rights there, but we do expect them to think sensibly about American capabilities and the realistic limits to United States foreign policy. If they want us to believe that Iran was ours to lose, or that American power could have made a difference against the overwhelming will of the Iranian people, or that the American people would have stood for a massive intervention, they will have to argue their case more convincingly.

For our part, we are thankful that a supposedly gutless and indecisive President made the decisions and not his brave and tough minded conservative critics. □

THOMAS SZASZ

Should the FDA ban H₂O?

PEOPLE HAVE ALWAYS been prey to popular fallacies and our age is no exception. One such fallacy, long popular in America, is that doctors, being faced with a host of crippling and fatal diseases, try to find cures for them. Some still do. But the work is hard and its outcome uncertain. Worse, physicians who discover the "wrong" cure or prevention—for example, as Ignaz Semmelweis did for puerperal fever—may be scorned and punished, rather than praised and rewarded. This is why many American physicians are now idolized, not for having discovered cures, but for having invented diseases.

The main reason why treating (or alleviating) disease has been downgraded in our society is that the only people who really care about cures are the patients. But patients no longer pay the doctor, they don't license him, and they don't give him grants or put his picture in *Time* magazine. Hence, they don't count for much. The way to get ahead in medicine today—on both sides of the Iron Curtain—is to please the state.

However, since the state doesn't suffer the pains and terrors of illness, it doesn't care about cures. What it does care about is diseases. The more diseases the state has at its disposal, the more it can display its phony solicitude toward the citizen-patient. This tragic fact is one of the pillars on which the therapeutic state rests. It also explains why the modern "scientific" physician has rediscovered the classic stock-in-trade of the medical "quack"—namely, discovering (inventing) new dis-

eases. "My function," explains Jules Romain's immortal Dr. Knock, "is to direct [people] into a life of medical care. . . . Nothing gets on my nerves like that indeterminate nonentity called the healthy man." That ambition, harnessed to the service of the modern state, has yielded, and continues to yield, a harvest of diseases never before seen on the face of this earth. I offer the following observations as a brief review of some of these recent medical triumphs.

With betting parlors and casinos spreading across the nation, the American Medical Association is sounding the alert for a new disease—gambling. In the January 5, 1979, issue of *American Medical News*, the association devoted a feature article to this subject. Quoting a psychiatric expert on the disease, the AMA explains to doctors—who, in their ignorance, might not have known this—that "self-destruction, not winning, is the goal of compulsive gamblers." The "compulsive gambler"—not otherwise defined, but no doubt diagnosable from his disposition to lose rather than win—"shares a common goal with those who exhibit other forms of destructive behavior, such as alcoholics and drug abusers."

The fakery involved in this method of discovering diseases requires and results in two additional pieces of fakery. The first consists of labeling certain ordinary human interactions—for example, individual or group discussions—"treatments." The second consists of using the existence (or effectiveness) of the "treatment" as evidence that the conduct it is intended to alter is an illness.

True to form, in Brecksville, Ohio, the Veterans Administration Hospital has established a "treatment program" for gamblers. "We've had to bootleg the gambling program in with alcoholism treatment," explains Dr. Alida Glen, the chief of the hospital's alcoholism treatment program. Why was such subterfuge necessary? Because, says Glen, "Our chief psychiatrist and several others don't believe compulsive gambling is a treatable disorder. We think we can prove that." For the medical profession, therefore, the question

has now become, not whether gambling is a disease, but whether it is treatable.

BEFORE SCIENCE DISCOVERED the mind, prescientific people actually believed that individuals played roulette or the stock market for the excitement or the prospect of gain, rather than because mental diseases made them do so. People used to entertain such primitive notions even about sex, believing that individuals decided to engage in, or refrain from, certain sexual acts because of their individual desires, tastes, or values. Modern medical sexology has dispelled that notion too. Although William Masters and Virginia Johnson are generally considered to be the discoverers of new sexual treatments, they have discovered some new

The modern doctor has rediscovered the stock-in-trade of the quack: new diseases.

sexual diseases as well—among which the most important seems to be "masturbatory orgasmic inadequacy." It is a malady that afflicts only women. According to Masters and Johnson, "A woman with masturbatory orgasmic inadequacy has not achieved orgasmic release by partner or self-stimulation in either homosexual or heterosexual experience. She can and does reach orgasmic expression during coital connection." In plain English, what Masters and Johnson are saying is that women who have satisfying sexual experiences in heterosexual intercourse but neither masturbate nor engage in masturbatory acts with men or women are, because they abstain from the latter acts, sick. They claim to have "treated" eleven women suffering from this disease, and to have cured all but one.

Clearly, disease is one of the most promising growth industries in America. State-licensed quacks never had it so good. Just imagine what lies over the horizon: thousands of orthodox Jews, able to relish kosher food, suf-

THOMAS SZASZ, a contributing editor, is a columnist for *INQUIRY*. His most recent book is *The Myth of Psychotherapy*.

fering from "alimentary inadequacy" with respect to roast pork and lobster Newburg; millions of Americans, with unimpaired powers to enjoy whiskey and vodka, suffering from "psychopharmacological inadequacy" with respect to opium and marijuana. The possibilities are mind-boggling, which, no doubt, is why psychiatrists are the main bugglers in advancing these scientific frontiers.

Although psychiatric cures are notoriously ineffective (perhaps because it is so very difficult to treat diseases that do not exist), psychiatrists excel in discovering new (mental) diseases. One of the most notable recent discoveries of this type, authenticated by the American Psychiatric Association, is the disease called "Tobacco Use Disorder." Tobacco Use Disorder differs from smoking in roughly the same way as an agricultural implement for soil penetration differs from a spade. Actually, the official description of the "diagnosis" is even more labored and ludicrous: "In this manual [that is, in the proposed new diagnostic manual of the APA] the use of tobacco is considered a disorder either when the use of the substance is directly associated with distress at the need to use the substance repeatedly; or there is evidence of a serious tobacco-related physical disorder in an individual who is judged to be currently physiologically dependent upon tobacco." Some of the most distinguished American psychiatrists actually wrote that. These psychiatrists predict that "social acceptability for tobacco use will decrease [and] restrictions on public use will become more widespread"; "therefore," they conclude gleefully, "the prevalence of Tobacco Use Disorder will increase."

While still on the subject of tobacco—and perhaps remembering the cigars and cigarettes which until recently they smoked so avidly—the soul-doctors extended their discovery to a closely related but nevertheless distinctly different disease, namely, "Tobacco Withdrawal." That is the disease people get when they try to quit smoking: "The diagnosis is usually self-evident and the disappearance of symptoms upon resumption of smoking is confirmatory." Sounds like the Mark Twain syndrome to me.

CONTRARY TO POPULAR impression, psychiatrists have in fact fallen on hard times—financially, as well as in terms of academic prestige. Now they seem to be

getting desperate and in desperation, like gamblers, they have raised their stakes and risk losing still more. But instead of blowing the whistle, some former victims rush to their support.

Psychiatrists have long been in the habit of calling certain types of prejudice "mental diseases." Thus, for example, did racism in post-World War II America become a disease. And now the leaders of the National Gay Task Force have embraced the psychiatric rhetoric. For them it is not enough to call the traditional Judeo-Christian abhorrence of homosexuality—reinforced by two centuries of psychiatric



persecution—what it is: prejudice or bigotry. Instead they defame anti-homosexual bigots as mentally sick. In a letter to the *New York Times* (Nov. 22, 1978) the coexecutive directors of the organization declare: "Mental health professionals have identified the condition known as homophobia, which is defined as irrational fear and hatred of homosexuals and homosexuality. We suggest that this 'flawed personality trait' is a genuine ground for exclusion from police work." With a little more imagination, these leaders could have discovered that their adversaries displayed the "manifestations" of a full-fledged eponymous medical disorder: the "Anita Bryant syndrome."

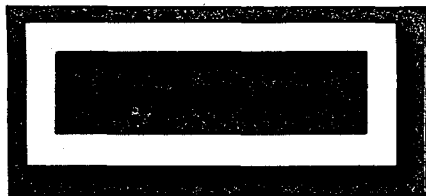
Farfetched? In the October 7, 1978, issue of *Lancet*, one of the most prestigious medical journals in the English language, a physician reports his discovery of a new disease, which he calls the "Oblomov syndrome." This "condition," he says, is characterized by "wakeful and sociable apathy or laziness not associated with any other evident mental or physical disturbance or subnormality." He cites the "case" of a woman ordered to bed by a doctor in the 1930s, when she had the flu, who

stayed in bed for forty years.

However, as Ivan Goncharov knew so well, laziness has its advantages. Among other things, it protects the "Oblomov patient" from the disease due to excessive enthusiasm for drinking water. Since this behavior can cause death, doctors are convinced that it is a disease. They call it "psychogenic polydipsia." Two cases of it are reported in the December 1, 1978, issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. These tragic deaths dramatize the persistently irresponsible attitude of the medical profession and the government toward what must surely be one of the commonest hazardous substances in our environment—namely, hydrogen monoxide. How many more innocent Americans must lose their lives to psychogenic polydipsia before the medical profession recognizes its duty to dispense water by prescription only? In view of the incontrovertible evidence that the ingestion of hydrogen monoxide can be fatal, why has the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) failed to place this dangerous chemical on its list of "controlled substances"? And why is the American government wasting the taxpayers' money trying to develop a safe cigarette instead of launching a crash program to develop a type of nonlethal water?

The afflictions I have discussed are only a few of the conditions that physicians have recently discovered to be diseases, and that medical organizations and government agencies have recently recognized as such. There are many others to which I may devote later columns if interest merits it—such as "workaholism" (working too much and liking it), the "emancipation disorder" ("internal conflict over increased independence from parental control," afflicting teenagers), and the "Huckleberry Finn syndrome" (persistent truancy).

In the old days—the days of Hunter and Gorgas and the great microbiologists—doctors made medical discoveries by giving themselves dangerous diseases. Today that would be considered a sick way of pursuing health. Today, under carefully controlled conditions of intellectual sterility, the physician invents diseases—and gives them to others (who are often more useful to the state sick than healthy). The result is the medicalization of everyday life, which stupefies the people, glorifies the doctors, and bedazzles the media.



PETER SCHRAG

The antismoking crusade burns out

EVER SINCE THEY FIRST found strontium 90 in the milk and invented words like fallout, little metaphor-nukes have been going off like firecrackers. In the last generation, and particularly in the past decade, hardly a month has gone by without a new environmental crisis—first those created by the bomb tests themselves, later those of the surrogates for the test-banned originals: DDT, vinyl chloride, X-rays, microwaves, coal dust, cotton dust, lead paint, agent orange, dioxin.

If one begins with real nukes and real fallout, then tobacco smoke is one of the penultimate forms in the descent of pollution from its metaphorical heights. Where real fallout is (or was) remote, complex and, in most instances, subject to expert obfuscation, other people's tobacco smoke finally makes environmentalism into Everyman's crusade. No need for the team from OSHA or the inspectors from EPA: One sign explaining the local smoking ordinance in the restaurant or supermarket and every Pecksniff's nostrils work overtime like so many little Geiger counters. No team of nuclear maniacs testing a bomb in the desert ever encountered such hostility as is aimed at the patron palming a butt in the wrong part of a segregated eatery.

The segregationist passion has been spreading for several years, leading, as everyone knows, to a variety of state and local ordinances restricting smoking to certain areas or prohibiting it outright in public places—in some

cases only those owned by public agencies, in others all of those (or some of those) catering to the general public. The high-water mark in this crusade was probably the campaign for—and the defeat of—California's Proposition 5 last November. Proposition 5 would have prohibited smoking or required the segregation of smokers in virtually every public facility from the state house to taxicabs, restaurants, and theaters. Further it would have required the segregation of every shop or office, including the newsrooms of all the papers that so overwhelmingly editorialized against Proposition 5. The backers of that "Clean Indoor Air Initiative" generally believed that the \$6 million spent by the tobacco industry—a figure that set almost every sort of record for spending on a political issue—was primarily responsible for the defeat of the initiative, and surely that was part of it.

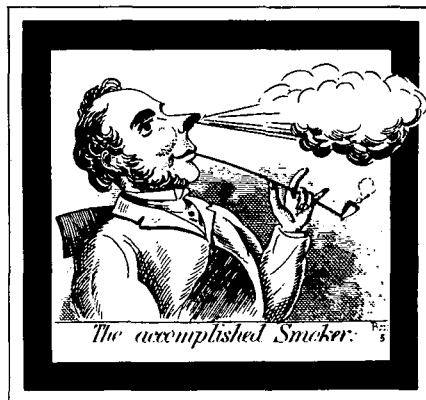
Yet surely another part was the fact that—as in the case of the segregated newsrooms—passion overwhelmed sense: The backers of Proposition 5 were so deeply immersed in the environmentalist ethic that they had forgotten the work ethic. Put another way: Were the milling machines going to be part of the smoking or the non-smoking section? What about the lathes? Should Harry, the best cutter in the shop, be forced to quit chain-smoking? Would everyone in the place go rushing to the john a dozen times a day, like high-school kids, to get a drag?

Proposition 5 assumed a world in which no one worked. The backers occasionally mentioned the dilemma of people forced to work next to smokers—legitimate complaints about having to choose between a good job and incessant asthma attacks or other respiratory problems—yet the world this imagined was largely a world of consumption, where individuals could make choices about where to sit or where to go that did not interfere with whatever it was they did. But that wasn't true on the job, and the job was left out.

WHAT WAS NOTABLE about the campaign was not the principle or the objective—one could hardly quarrel with the proposition that nonsmokers had more rights to have clean air than smokers had rights to foul it—but the passion with which those rights were asserted. One could even suggest that it was more than coincidence that the

three major initiatives on California's November ballot, Propositions 5, 6, and 7, were efforts by some group to enlist the state to curb, control, or kill someone it didn't like. The official ACLU position was to oppose Proposition 6, the initiative allowing the dismissal of homosexual teachers, as well as Proposition 7, an initiative expanding the list of crimes subject to the death penalty. The ACLU took no position on Proposition 5, although that obviously represented the broadest intrusion by the state into the private domain.

There may well have been good reasons for that abstention, yet it was surely undeniable that the antismoking initiative, like the other two, reflected little awareness of the dangers of excessive government. The civil libertarians and the liberals were perfectly well prepared to point out the dangers of Propositions 6 and 7, but some of them became absolutely livid when it was suggested that Proposition 5 was a similar case. What one heard in response was precisely the same argument used to back up Propositions 6 and 7: little horror stories about being trapped with a rude smoker in an elevator and thereby having one's body violated. Indeed, one indignant but otherwise quite conventional woman explained that being forced to inhale other people's smoke



was rape and should be punished just as severely. The passion came from the inability to understand that there might be a difference in importance between the right not to be murdered and the right not to be smoked upon.

What was most striking about the combination of these issues, however, was not that they were all represented in metaphors of crime or sin, but the extent to which the targets of all three were portrayed as environmental hazards. Indeed, the backers of the initiative against homosexual teachers not

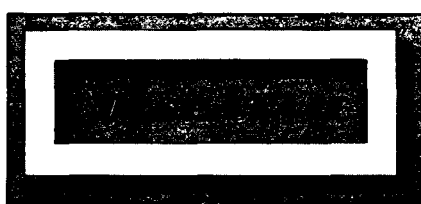
PETER SCHRAG is a contributing editor of *INQUIRY*. His latest book is *Mind Control*.

only immersed themselves in behavioral science jargon—something one would assume is tantamount to falling off the wagon for a group composed largely of fundamentalist preachers—but they also insisted on describing the influence of homosexuals in the classroom—“role models” they called them—as a sort of polluting miasma oozing into the minds of their young charges. It is almost as if even the hardest-shell preacher had learned that it is not God who is everywhere, but the Environment.

IT HAS BEEN POINTED OUT more than once that as one form of prohibition wanes—in this instance the ban on marijuana—another takes its place. There is, of course, some truth here; the gradual reversal of positions between tobacco and grass is almost perfectly paralleled in the reversal of scientific “truth.” We now *know*—do we not?—that smoking marijuana is much safer than smoking tobacco. One should not carry this principle too far; to suggest that there is a constant quantity of prohibitionism around, in need of something to prohibit, leaves little hope for progress or reason. Yet finally this principle—call it the first law of the conservation of repression—does commend itself. Recently the American Psychiatric Association, which, after acrimonious debate in 1973, discarded the notion of homosexuality as a mental disorder, decided to add “tobacco use disorder,” an ailment that even its proponents acknowledge “presents several conceptual problems.”

The implications here are substantial. In plain terms, the psychiatric definition says that if a person wishes to quit smoking and cannot, he is suffering from a mental disorder. There are thus two cures: to quit, or to give up the wish. Yet no matter which course the psychiatrist tries, this is obviously the boldest stroke to date to enlarge the potential clientele for psychiatric services.

Yet quite surely it indicates not only the changing fashion in taboos, but also the waning of the campaign to prohibit smoking. For clearly it is not until all other attempts at cure, control, and definition have been given up by the police, the legislatures, and the preachers, that the problem is officially defined as a mental disorder and turned over to the psychiatrists. At that point, needless to say, it becomes irremediable. □



THOMAS M. THOMPSON

The real Taiwan issue

EVER SINCE PRESIDENT Carter announced last December that the United States would recognize the People's Republic of China and abrogate the 1954 mutual defense treaty with the Nationalist regime on Taiwan, critics of the new policy have charged that the United States is selling out an old and faithful ally. Recently, both liberal and conservative senators, including such luminaries as Frank Church, Edward M. Kennedy, and Alan Cranston, have been pushing for a congressional resolution that would continue the substance, if not the form, of the United States's longstanding security guarantee to Taiwan [*INQUIRY*, March 5, 1979].

In this debate, both the President and his critics have ignored totally

The debate over Taiwan has ignored those who have most at stake: the Taiwanese.

those whose future is most directly at stake: the people of Taiwan. Now, as for the last three decades, American politicians assume an identity between the Nationalist regime and the 15 million Taiwanese under its rule. In recognizing the People's Republic, Carter, like Nixon before him, implicitly

THOMAS M. THOMPSON is an assistant professor of political science at the University of Oregon, where he specializes in Chinese politics.

accepts the argument that Taiwan is “a province of China,” a position to which both the Communists and Nationalists subscribe. But what of the Taiwanese themselves? They have never been consulted about either the Nationalist Chinese regime that now rules them or the possibility of unification with the People's Republic in the future. In an administration that claims to be committed to “human rights as a fundamental tenet of our foreign policy,” the failure to consider majority rule and self-determination for the Taiwanese makes Carter's high-toned phrases sound like hypocrisy.

To the Taiwanese the new China policy of the United States is merely another in a series of policies that show a callous disregard for the reality of political life on Taiwan. Sadly, the American public has been continually misled by Chinese Nationalist propaganda, which has helped create favorable attitudes toward the Nationalists both in the government and among the American people. The result is that, in the current debate over Taiwan, questions about the future of Chinese Nationalist rule and the political future of the Taiwanese people are treated as one and the same.

In fact, this facile blurring distorts Taiwan's history and the desires of the island's people. The Chinese Nationalists represent only 15 percent of the island's population, “mainlanders” who fled to Taiwan following Chiang Kai-shek's defeat in 1949. Their claim to legitimacy rests on the insistence that Chiang's son, Chiang Ching-kuo, is legally the leader of China, and that Taiwan is but a province of China. If the charade were to end, as it nearly has, the Chinese Nationalists would have no justification for ruling the people of Taiwan, and especially for continuing repressive martial law. Hence, to protect this thin reed of legitimacy, the Chinese Nationalists steadfastly refuse to negotiate unification with the People's Republic. President Chiang Ching-kuo declared on New Year's Day that the Nationalists' struggle against the Communists will continue and that his regime “will never establish contacts with any communist regime.”

Chiang supports his claim to represent all of China by maintaining a parliament on Taiwan that includes members purporting to represent all the provinces of China, thus inflating the size of the legislature and eclipsing the power of Taiwan's representatives.

For 30 years, Taiwan has been a police state. The jails are filled with political dissidents, mail is opened, offending books are banned.

Elections scheduled for mid-December were cancelled when Carter's China policy shift led to the declaration of a "national emergency." These would have been supplementary elections to replace the members who represent Taiwan in the parliament—the alleged representatives of mainland provinces have what are essentially life terms.

As bizarre as this system is, it does not fully indicate the degree of dictatorial control on Taiwan. The elected officials in Taiwan have little power in the decision-making process. The Nationalists enjoy a virtual monopoly of political power through their pervasive and highly centralized organizational apparatus, especially the military and security networks. While this may be news to many Americans, it has long been a fact of life for the Taiwanese.

THE NATIONALISTS TOOK control of Taiwan after the defeat of Japan in World War II ended 50 years of Japanese rule. During the war American propaganda had promised the Taiwanese an end to Japanese police rule, and the prospect of new life and dignity in a democratic postwar China. But the reality never matched the promise. Beginning in October 1945, American ships and planes transported thousands of Chinese troops from the mainland. A host of rapacious carportbaggers, eager for the spoils of war, soon followed. Within six months Taiwanese leaders were angrily protesting. By the end of 1946 the American consulate had to warn the ambassador in Nanking and the State Department in Washington that the Taiwanese were on the point of rebellion. "By 1947 we knew why the Chinese Nationalists were losing the mainland," an elderly Taiwanese recalled in 1968. "They were hopelessly corrupt, cruel, and inefficient."

On February 28, 1947, Taiwanese throughout the island began to rise in

armed protest, demanding sweeping reforms in the Taipei administration. Chiang Kai-shek's response was swift and brutal. "A Chinese Nationalist expeditionary force of some fifty thousand well-armed men was sent out to the island," wrote George Kerr, former U.S. vice-consul in Taipei. "At least ten thousand Taiwanese were killed or imprisoned, and thousands were forced to seek safety overseas. A generation of well-educated Taiwan leaders disappeared."

Until last December the U.S. government supported the Chinese Nationalists' claim to be "Free China." Yet for three decades the island has been a police state. Under martial law, the prisons are filled with dissidents and "traitors" who have agitated for reform. Mail is censored and most books and magazines with relevant political content are banned. Reports of secret arrests and arbitrary imprisonment have been thoroughly documented by Amnesty International.

When Chiang Kai-shek died in 1974, many Taiwanese hoped that Chiang's son, Chiang Ching-kuo, would be more tolerant of open political debate. Subsequent events, including the arrest in 1975 of the editors of *Taiwan Chenglun*, established and operated by native Taiwanese seeking to promote democratic reform, have made it clear that Chiang Ching-kuo has no intention of changing his father's policies. Indeed, during the past year, the Chinese Nationalists, with systematic thoroughness, have increased the level of political repression in Taiwan. Early last year, well before the Carter announcement, they were working to ensure that December's parliamentary elections did not repeat the results of provincial balloting two years ago, when non-Nationalist politicians won an unprecedented number (but still a minority) of local seats and charges that the Nationalists tampered with the ballot triggered a violent riot

in the town of Chungli.

Non-Nationalist opposition candidates have called for an end to martial law, a general amnesty for political prisoners, and direct election of all officials. The Nationalists have responded by eliminating the possibility of any new magazines of any persuasion by imposing a one-year moratorium on magazines; by confiscating *Long Live Elections*, a book that presented detailed accounts of the November 1977 campaigns, successful opposition strategies, and the Chungli riot; and by banning *Demo-Voice*, a magazine published in May by Jane Chen, who had been closely involved with *Taiwan Chenglun*. Chen says she was awakened in the middle of the night on June 23, 1978, interrogated, and released after 31 days, in a clear example of official harassment.

LAST DECEMBER, PRIOR TO cancelling the provincial elections, government election agencies, which normally publish campaign literature at public expense for all candidates, refused to print the policies of the opposition. The government also extended its ban on student participation in the electoral process. Counselors at schools and universities reportedly were warning students that the opposition platform was subversive and that those who aided in the campaign risked expulsion.

The Nationalists' reaction to the new U.S. China policy, canceling the mid-December elections and declaring a "national emergency," reveals a government that holds increasing police-state control over the island. The perceived threat may be not an invasion from the mainland, but the desire of the 15 million Taiwanese to finally take control of the destiny of the island in a way that would not please the Nationalists, or the Communists, or the Americans.

Because of the political repression on Taiwan, it is impossible to know what political future the Taiwanese desire for themselves. In the 1950s the overseas Taiwan independence movement was most active in Japan. But as more Taiwanese students came to the United States, the movement's leadership and activities gradually shifted to this side of the Pacific. Factionalism has been rampant. The various groups are divided along the lines of personality or generation, rather than policy. In October 1965, a meeting calling for a Formosan (Taiwanese) Leadership

Unity Congress was held in Madison, Wisconsin, in an attempt to set up a unified organization to encompass the diverse existing groups. The World United Formosans for Independence (wufi) eventually came into existence in 1970. Exact membership totals have never been publicized, and most members belong to it secretly.

Because it has not won official support from either the Japanese or the U.S. government, wufi has failed to capture serious international attention, let alone play a decisive role in matters related to Taiwan's political future. Its underground activities in Taiwan have yet to attract a committed mass following. One reason is the effective political suppression of dissenters: Enforcement of martial law on the island virtually suspends all civil rights, and the maintenance of an elaborate network of secret police enables the regime to pick up "trouble-makers" at will. Moreover, harsh punishment of political dissenters, including not only physical and mental torture, but also the archaic Chinese practice of holding friends and relatives collectively responsible for the action of dissenters, has so intimidated the Taiwanese that political apathy often seems the only means of survival.

Although the independence movement has had little overt influence, it has raised questions Americans should ponder. In his rush to score a foreign policy success, Carter apparently has never considered seriously the basis of China's claim to Taiwan. In fact, Taiwan has been ruled only briefly and irregularly from the mainland, which explains how the Taiwanese have a separate social identity.

IN THE SEVENTEENTH century, the Dutch and Spanish briefly ruled the island until they were defeated in 1662 by Cheng Ch'eng-kung, a general of the defunct Ming dynasty who used Taiwan as a base for his futile attempt to restore the Ming dynasty on the mainland. In 1683 the Ch'ing dynasty seized Taiwan and kept it under mainland control for the next 200 years. The island did not formally become a province of the Ch'ing until 1887. Eight years later, in the Treaty of Shimonoseki that ended the First Sino-Japanese War, Taiwan was ceded to Japan. For the next 50 years Taiwan was ruled by Japan.

In 1945, after the end of World War II, Taiwan was placed under the administration of the Republic of China.

However, according to Hungdah Chiu, a legal scholar (*Christian Science Monitor*, Dec. 16, 1978), the republic's status as a sovereign was not technically resolved until the 1951 San Francisco peace treaty and the 1952 Republic of China-Japan peace treaty, when Japan renounced "all rights, title and claim to Taiwan."

Since China has denounced both treaties as "illegal and void," it cannot benefit from the Japanese renunciation of sovereignty. Nor can it acquire title to Taiwan by invoking the principle of occupying an "abandoned land," because it has never exercised physical control over the island. Nor can it use Chiang's occupation to justify its title, because the People's Republic considers the Republic of China to be an "illegal government." For these reasons, according to Professor Chiu, China's claim to Taiwan may have no basis in international law. Evidently President Carter wants good relations with China so badly that he is unwilling to consider these or any other related issues.

As a result, the current debate in the United States over Taiwan falls short of what the Taiwanese deserve. Senator Frank Church, the new chairman of the influential Senate Foreign Relations Committee, believes that "Congress should make it clear that recognition of China in no way denigrates our concern for Taiwan." Speaking at a World Freedom Day meeting, Representative Eldon Rudd (R-Ariz.) warned against a Chinese Communist invasion of Taiwan, which in his words, "would condemn the people on Taiwan to slavery."

Neither Senator Church nor Representative Rudd probably appreciates how hollow his declaration sounds to the Taiwanese. American concern for the Taiwanese has never been a significant aspect of U.S. policy. Nor is it today. When Carter announced last December that normalization "would not jeopardize the well-being of the people of Taiwan," he neglected to mention that his policy denies the Taiwanese what they desire most: the opportunity to decide their own future. □

Forthcoming in

INQUIRY

- *Nicholas von Hoffman on Joseph Califano*
- *The revolution in Iran: an eyewitness report by Ehsan Omeed*
- *Peter Kovler on the strategic petroleum reserve*

War resisters, libertarians,
and rock stars have joined
millions of other Americans
in fighting the tax man.

TAX REVOLT!

BY FRANK BROWNING

ONCE A WEEK, A SMALL BUT GROWING GROUP of men and women in Billings, Montana, meet in each other's houses. They are not there to hold Tupperware parties, organize church bingo games, or play bridge. Instead, they are discussing strategies for the organization of a revolt against the government of the United States.

These ranchers and storekeepers are not unkempt anarchists or the central committee of some international terrorist underground. On the contrary, they are the descendants of a grand American tradition: They are tax rebels who believe that government taxation has become little more than blatant confiscation of citizens' property to feed the insatiable appetites of Washington politicians and bureaucrats.

Martin Beckman is a leader of the Montana tax resistance movement. His Billings-based group—Americans for Constitutional Government—counsels taxpayers who are fed up with handing over one-fifth of their earnings to the federal government each year. The IRS form 1040, Beckman has proclaimed, is an illegal "confession sheet" that the feds use to defraud ordinary, hardworking citizens. "No American has to sign a confession sheet," he maintains. "The government has used form 1040 to extort billions of dollars from American citizens." In Big Timber, a small town not far from Billings, Beckman met with a newly formed group of tax rebels last spring. "The government is taking advantage of our lack of knowledge of our Constitution," he told these new recruits to the movement, explaining further that IRS tax forms are a violation of the Constitution's Fifth Amendment guarantee against self-incrimination. "You

only have those rights you demand. You use those rights or you lose them. Our founding fathers were all tax rebels."

Although the IRS and the federal courts have refused to consider the Fifth Amendment "self-incrimination" argument as justification for refusing to file tax returns, and although Beckman himself has been the butt of IRS investigations, his Montana group is thriving. Other independent tax protest groups are flourishing in other sections of Montana and in Connecticut, California, New York, New Jersey, and Virginia—in almost every section of the nation.

The ranks of these tax rebels are increasing so fast that the commissars of the Internal Revenue Service have begun to show signs of panic. For the 1975 tax year, the IRS had to order almost a million Americans to file income tax reports. And as the IRS deploys its agents and its computers in a new get-tough campaign, the tax resisters are themselves growing tougher. Like the people of Billings, they are organizing informal study groups, community meetings, taxpayers' unions, instructional workshops, and fraternal associations, and are even lobbying in Washington.

Ten years ago, tax resisters were thought of as radicals or peaceniks who, like singer Joan Baez, were unpatriotically refusing to contribute to the Vietnam War efforts. Today the activist fringe has been swept aside by the anger of ordinary people who feel stymied by the rising cost of living and the falling value of the dollar. A Louis Harris survey conducted in March 1977 found that Americans are more fed up than ever with the federal tax system. Sixty-six percent of those polled declared their tax burden had reached "the breaking point," 87 percent believed that "the big tax burden falls on the little man," and 84 percent agreed that "the tax system is set up to let the rich get the real breaks." Little wonder that the tax rebellion is growing larger and stronger.

Jim Davidson, executive director of the National Taxpayers Union, a libertarian tax reform group, estimates

FRANK BROWNING, a former editor of Ramparts magazine, is coauthor of The Sixth Estate: A Social History of American Crime, to be published next year by Putnam. Research assistance was provided by Dan Smith and the Center for Urban Research, Washington, D.C.

One study shows that as much as \$195 billion, or 10 percent of the gross national product, goes into an untaxed, underground, all-cash economy.

that some 10 million Americans have refused to pay federal income taxes—10 times the number the IRS says it has caught. Several years ago, the editors of *U.S. News & World Report*, quoting tax experts, estimated that the government loses around \$30 billion in unpaid taxes annually. New studies made at Bernard Baruch College in New York City suggest that an immense “underground economy” exists in the United States, an economy that functions totally on cash and in 1977 produced some \$195 billion, 10 percent of the entire gross national product. None of that income was taxed. Whether they are outspoken tax resisters or the clever tax evaders of the “underground economy”; whether they have set up tax-deductible family corporations or have bought up secret number “honor bonds”; tax rebels are fueling the biggest national insurrection since the armed farmers of Massachusetts launched Shay’s Rebellion 192 years ago to protest the unfair tax system of the new American government.

The use of all these devices reflects what many economists see as a return to the anonymity of a cash economy by millions of middle-class Americans who are struggling to fight inflation by moonlighting at extra jobs where no taxes are collected. “Our theory,” said a representative of Chase Econometric Associates, a subsidiary of the Chase Manhattan Bank, “and I must emphasize that it is still a theory, is that Americans are returning to self-employment as a means of support and not reporting the income to the government.” If he is right, it means that Americans are following in the footsteps of the French, the English, and the Italians for whom tax cheating is more the norm than the exception. According to *Business Week*: “Signs are increasing that as tax rates soar, and as inflation pushes people into higher tax brackets while it erodes purchasing power, Americans are starting to copy citizens of other countries in their efforts to evade the tax collector.”

MIKE TECTON IS TYPICAL OF THE TAX rebels. A lanky architect from Oklahoma, he has been a tax resister for 19 years—although he prefers to call himself a “Constitutionalist.” He and his wife Jane live in a plain, unpretentious house in McLean, Virginia, a 15-minute drive from IRS headquarters in downtown Washington. In 1974 he made his tax protest public by founding the Thomas Jefferson Equal Tax Society, an organization dedicated to eliminating the graduated federal income tax through court action, on the ground that it is discriminatory. The IRS immediately began to close in, and last year Tecton found himself behind bars.

“For over a decade Mike didn’t file or pay income tax,”

his wife explained. “For 11 years there was no response from the IRS. Then Mike spoke in 1974 at a tax seminar in Chicago and flew to California to speak at another. That’s when the IRS came after him.” In the summer of 1974 Tecton placed a small advertisement for his newly founded Thomas Jefferson Society in the *Washington Star*. His ad read: “I, MIKE TECTON, FREE BORN CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES, CHALLENGE THE IRS AGENTS OR ANY OTHER MEMBER OF CONGRESS TO A TV DEBATE ON THE ISSUE ‘CAN EQUALLY FREE CITIZENS BE FORCED BY CONGRESS TO SUBMIT TO UNEQUAL TAX CLASSES, INFERIOR TAX CLASSES, TAX PAYING CLASSES, OR ANY OTHER TAX CLASSES?’ I SAY NO!”

Four days after he ran his newspaper ad, IRS agents tracked Tecton down in Chicago where he was working on an architectural project. On October 22, 1974, he was convicted of failing to file an IRS 1040 tax form, and was sentenced to three years’ probation and fined \$300. In 1976 probation was revoked on charges that he failed to file tax returns in 1975, which he disputes, and he was sentenced to six months in prison. He began serving time on January 3, 1978.

Mike and Jane Tecton believe that the IRS is more interested in gagging opponents of the system than in collecting back taxes. At one point, agents came to their McLean home and announced that the Tectons owed \$22,000 in back taxes. “Prove it!” Mike shot back. The agents left. So far the IRS has not pressed its claim. Nor have the Tectons been silenced.

While Mike was in the Allenwood federal prison camp, Jane kept in touch with members of the Thomas Jefferson Society and with other tax resister groups across the country. She published the first edition of *USA*, the society’s monthly newspaper, which she claims had a press run of 10,000. In the last three years the society has published 17 books and pamphlets with such titles as *101 Reasons Why the Income Tax is Unconstitutional*, and *I Charge Congress with These Crimes*.

The Thomas Jefferson Society operates on the principle that the government is committing a crime by withholding the taxes of working people from their paychecks. He calls it “enforced slavery” by organized theft of citizens’ property. Across the Potomac River from McLean, in Washington, D.C., is another group of tax resisters who have formed a nonprofit cooperative print shop and who refuse to send their taxes to the IRS. Ed Guinan is a priest and the coordinator of the shop, called Collective Impressions. A year and a half ago Guinan and his colleagues decided to continue paying social security taxes but to send their withholding taxes to the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency.

“Every quarter, when taxes are due, we send a check to the Arms Control Agency,” Guinan says. “They return it with a polite note saying that they cannot accept it, and we put it into a tax escrow account which cannot be used for normal business expenses.” Collective Impressions owes only \$500 per quarter to the IRS, but Guinan and his co-workers believe they are making an effective protest against U.S. military spending policies.

Ed Guinan and Mike and Jane Tecton see their refusal to pay taxes as a tough-minded fight against the U.S. government—a government that they believe is not honestly or legally representing its citizens. Collective Impressions in effect pays its taxes—but not to the U.S. government. “It’s wrong to try to damage or defraud someone,” Jane Tecton argues. “An honest belief based on something is

different. Our game isn't money. Money, big cars, they don't mean anything to us. We don't bother with people who aren't sincere."

FOR EVERY STAUNCH, UNYIELDING TAX RESISTER, of course, there are untold numbers of "tax avoiders." A tax avoider is someone who opposes paying taxes to the federal government, and who has chosen a wily strategy rather than a simple declaration of resistance. The biggest tax avoiders are large corporations and their executives. For example:

■ Pepsico Corporation and Owens-Illinois, Inc. take care of their top brass by leasing an exclusive salmon stream for them in Iceland.

■ A New York executive claimed business lunch deductions for 338 days in one year—skipping Thanksgiving Day but deducting lunches for Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of Thanksgiving weekend. His meals usually ran above \$20 each for an annual total deduction of almost \$10,000.

■ An executive at *Time* magazine took his five-course lunch at New York's exclusive Chambord every day; for dinner he usually drank a milkshake or ate a boiled egg. The restaurant sent his bill directly to *Time*, which deducted it as a corporate expense.

Nick Panagi, a writer, sometime university lecturer, and occasional carpenter, is the consummate tax avoider. He is now in his late fifties, his close-cropped beard graying slightly at the fringe. He lives in a simple, modern oceanfront apartment on one of the elegantly funky beaches west of Los Angeles. Born in Rumania of Greek-Sicilian parents, he grew up in the Hell's Kitchen district of New York City where he shed his accent in a record six months to avoid being beaten up at school. Since he came to southern California, he has been a legal consultant, a lecturer, and a professor at one of the city's largest universities. "Nick Panagi" is of course a pseudonym.

"Do I operate on some set of great political principles?" he asked. "I have only one principle and it's very simple: I don't like the government. The taxes are usually used for things that help the rich and never help the poor."

Panagi takes his argument about taxes a step further than the tax rebels at the Thomas Jefferson Society or the Taxpayers Union. "Their kind of 'principled' stand to refuse to pay taxes never achieves anything. It didn't stop the Vietnam War; it won't end pollution and it can't correct the corrupt welfare system. Until there are massive, powerful organizations controlled by the working people in this country and dedicated to fighting the system, the only hope is to create more and more rebels.

"I never pay taxes," Panagi proclaims with pride. This is the 17th year in which he claims indeed not to have given a cent to the U.S. government. For many of those years he worked as a writer or a consultant and no taxes were deducted from his paychecks. But even in those salaried years when tax was withheld, the IRS refunded it all to him. The principle Panagi uses to avoid taxes grew out of his experiences as a young man when he commuted every week between Boston and New York.

"In those days, before there were fast freeways, I'd always speed like a hellion Monday mornings and Friday nights. Of course, I'd get stopped at least twice a month; the cop would walk up to the car with some line like, 'Hey, buddy, what's the hurry?' I'd answer, nervous and embarrassed, 'Oh, yeah, I guess I was going 85'—when I knew I had only been driving 75 or 80. I always admitted going

faster than I was actually driving, and immediately the cop would be off his guard, ask me if something was wrong and be ready to believe any story I told him. That's the key to avoiding taxes in this system: The more you flaunt it, the more respectable you appear. The richer you are, the more you deserve. If you made \$5000 last year and had legitimate expenses of \$4500, the IRS won't believe you. But if you earned \$150,000 and post illegitimate expenses of \$138,000, they will. So always make your income appear as high as possible."

Last year, as in the last several years, Panagi has earned about \$18,000. Following his method, he has never reported an income below \$30,000. How? Any check he receives, he records as income. An out-of-town friend asks him to cash a \$50 check for the weekend. A girlfriend lends him \$500 or \$1000 for "a trip to Las Vegas." He pays her

*Consummate tax avoider
"Nick Panagi" consistently
writes off his girlfriends
as deductions. "I have only
one principle," he says. "I
don't like the government."*

back immediately but records her check as income. Eight friends go out to dinner. He takes the tab and pays the check. The seventh collects cash from the other six and writes him a check, which he records as income. The restaurant tab he marks as research and entertainment for a story and deducts the whole amount as expenses. A friend signs over his paycheck and Panagi writes the friend a personal check for a few dollars more in return. The original payroll check deposited in Panagi's account is reported as income. By the end of the year, he has accumulated at least \$12,000 in "outside income."

And then what?

"As a free-lancer or consultant, everywhere I go, practically everything I eat, most of my clothes, my auto expenses, the books and periodicals I buy—they're all deductible expenses. And since I earned \$12,000 outside my salary, that income is itself proof that I operate a personal consulting business—even if I don't write a single article or deliver a single lecture. As a matter of fact I really do all those things each year—and I lose money operating that personal business."

Panagi has other write-off tricks. Frequently he picks up the tab for eight or ten people in a fancy restaurant—and nobody pays him back. Since a wife is not deductible as a secretary, he is not married. "Two years ago I went to Puerto Rico and I took a woman with me. The 'salary' I gave her as my secretary and all her expenses there could be deducted. Every trip I make, I usually take a companion, and she's always deductible."

Panagi admits that he has been audited, and frequently. The IRS auditors always seem puzzled that he can spend as much or more than he earns. "I tell them I borrow money—and I do. I live on credit, credit cards, and bank loans.

Some of my friends say, 'But look how much interest you pay.' That's true too. Last year, 1977 for example, I paid almost \$2000 in interest on credit cards and loans. But if I didn't live as extravagantly as I do, I wouldn't get back as big an income tax refund—almost \$6000. So even with the high interest payments, I made a net profit last year of \$4000."

Panagi's formula reduces to two maxims: Operate some kind of independent consulting business (even though you earn a regular salary) in order to file a self-employment tax return, and live as high as possible.

The Panagi formula, of course, requires certain privileges many people lack. Bank credit may take years to establish. Not everyone can get credit cards, and maintaining a family of five may also raise the stakes of the Panagi system dangerously close to disaster. A more modest device for the beleaguered family is the "family corporation."

Family corporations are simply small, home-town versions of U.S. Steel, Chase Manhattan, and Pan American Airways—none of which paid any federal income tax in 1976. The only taxes family corporations owe are on profits and capital gains. The officers of the corporation may be members of the family and any others whom the incorporators wish to name. The key to the success of the family corporation is a careful assessment of the marketable skills each family member may have.

"Anyone who has expert knowledge in some field of endeavor can become a consultant in that field," says Stephen Angell, an adviser to the War Resisters League. "Sales, manufacturing, and management are all legitimate objects of a business enterprise, and each of these categories should be given broad interpretation. For example, manufacturing includes handmade articles, and manage-

ment encompasses property management. Most family corporations of course have business property, usually houses, which may be partially leased for residential purposes. A proportionate share of all house expenses—insurance, repairs, heat, light, telephone, taxes, depreciation, and mortgage interest, becomes a deductible business expense." He also points out that many family members' hobbies can be adapted to business purposes. Family members who like pets may be paid a fee by the corporation each month to raise stock, which, when it reaches maturity, is offered on the market. The expenses are deductible, and it may take several years to develop a profitable enterprise.

Anxious to cash in on the growing antitax sentiment, many banks have rushed to offer what has been called "the little guy's legal way to cheat on taxes."

ment encompasses property management. Most family corporations of course have business property, usually houses, which may be partially leased for residential purposes. A proportionate share of all house expenses—insurance, repairs, heat, light, telephone, taxes, depreciation, and mortgage interest, becomes a deductible business expense." He also points out that many family members' hobbies can be adapted to business purposes. Family members who like pets may be paid a fee by the corporation each month to raise stock, which, when it reaches maturity, is offered on the market. The expenses are deductible, and it may take several years to develop a profitable enterprise.

"If you enjoy gardening, then farming and selling produce could become a part of your business," he notes. "You could also garden for yourself on the side. If you are a stamp collector, become a dealer in stamps. A skier can rent

skis." Group life insurance, health insurance, and IRS-approved retirement plans can also be removed from personal budgets and made deductible business expenses.

A growing number of married couples in which both partners work have found it valuable to fly off to some Caribbean island for a Christmas divorce; because they are single on December 31 they can file their taxes independently at a much lower rate than would have applied to their combined incomes. If they are so fortunate as to remarry after January 1, so much for the rewards of marital bliss. Many couples have found that their tax savings more than offset the cost of their holiday divorces.

ANXIOUS TO CASH IN ON THE BURGEONING antitax sentiment, many banks have themselves rushed to offer what has been called "the little guy's legal way to cheat on taxes." For years wealthy globe-trotters have beaten the tax racket by stashing their wealth in numbered bank accounts abroad where their money is safe from IRS scrutiny. The favorite tax havens for the superrich have been Switzerland, Lichtenstein, Panama, and some Caribbean islands. Since the late 1960s, however, a number of small U.S. banks have begun offering so-called "Honor Bonds" to their customers.

Originated in Columbus, Ohio, these honor bonds are low-denomination certificates of deposit issued without names, payable to "bearer" and identified by code numbers. They are transferable from one owner to the next without any notice to the issuing bank—and, unlike most savings accounts, no interest record is forwarded to the IRS.

"Why go to Switzerland?" asked one Camden, New Jersey, bank in its ads for the special bonds. "The bank will not issue an IRS 1099 form," promised a Columbus, Ohio, bank, adding, "Since no name appears on the bond and no customer identification number is required, the Honor Bond you buy is completely anonymous. They can be used as gifts or to pay debts." Another bank was even blunter: "Numbered Savings are issued by Serial Number only to PROTECT YOUR PRIVACY! They're perfect gifts because no transfer notice is necessary—no names, no notice. . . ." By early this year honor bonds were available from banks in 14 states in denominations of \$25 up to \$5000. According to Representative Benjamin Rosenthal, a New York Democrat who held hearings into the use of the bonds in March 1978, "Hundreds of millions of dollars in 'No-Name' bonds have been issued. The potential tax loss to the Treasury as a result of the issuance of these negotiable instruments," he warned, "relates not only to income taxes, but to estate and gift taxes as well."

Rosenthal is not alone in his fear of what honor bonds may do for the little man. The IRS is working itself into a veritable lather. A year ago it proposed changing tax filing regulations on the bonds to require banks to report the names of the bonds' owners as well as the amount of interest paid on them. As Acting Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Donald Lubick told a congressional subcommittee, "This non-compliance diminishes public respect for the operation of the tax system and could jeopardize our system of voluntary compliance." It is hard to imagine how public respect for the IRS could be any lower than it is already, but given the tax collectors' penchant for belligerence against the ordinary American taxpayer, Lubick may be right. Within its proposed change of the rules governing honor bond reporting, the IRS does plan of course to allow wealthy investors (those who buy over \$100,000 in bonds)

to continue the advantages they have always had. Although the IRS will probably eliminate the tax evasion opportunities on the smaller honor bonds, they will still guarantee anonymity to the original owners of the bonds. All of which makes one wonder whose interests the IRS has at heart.

The sallow-faced folk from the IRS are increasingly alert to the tactics of tax-avoiders. Harry Margolis is a San Francisco area tax lawyer, a man whose clients have included both political radicals and the fabulously wealthy; he was brought to trial in 1977 on a charge of conspiracy. Margolis, near retirement, was facing the possible prospect of spending the rest of his life in prison. When he was indicted, the Justice Department called the case "the biggest breakthrough we've had in the whole area of fraud and the widespread use of offshore tax havens." The IRS witnesses testified that Margolis had channeled the money of his rich clients into phony companies in the Bahamas and the Netherlands Antilles, both offshore tax havens, thereby defrauding the United States of \$1.4 million in taxes.

His acquittal notwithstanding, Margolis admits that he's spiriting his clients' money out from beneath the noses of the taxmen. His clients, often entertainers, are actually paid by foreign-registered corporations that are in turn paid by the film companies and nightclubs where the entertainers perform. No taxes are deducted by the clubs when the checks are sent to the foreign corporations. "The tax money you earn," Margolis explains, "will go to an area where some tax is paid, but that is a low tax area." Margolis agrees that the system is "criminal," and that it amounts to nothing more than a bribe by taxpayers to give small, impoverished nations a few dollars in exchange for protection from the IRS. The "crime," however, is encouraged by the federal tax code itself.

Among the riskiest tax avoidance schemes are those that involve the failure to report income—which is consistent with the general maxim that it is better to flaunt the law than to hide from it. Those who hide their loot are called tax evaders. They are usually punished most severely by the IRS. Notable evasion cases in 1977 included:

■ Val Marino, a former construction and engineering director of Avis, Inc., the car rental company that always tries harder, for failing to report \$40,000 in kickbacks received from H. L. Lazar, Inc., a construction subcontracting company in New York. He was not indicted for the bribery itself.

■ Andrew Tsanas, manager of maintenance and operation at J. C. Penney headquarters in New York City, for failing to pay taxes on \$1.4 million in kickbacks he received from H. L. Lazar, Inc. IRS claims he owed \$880,000 in taxes on the kickback. U.S. District Judge Jacob Mishler labeled Tsanas "the biggest shakedown artist to come before me."

■ Edmund O. Matzal, a New Jersey psychiatrist active nationally in Lester Maddox's Presidential campaign on the American Independent party ticket, who refused to pay taxes because they represented "involuntary servitude" and because he opposed U.S. foreign aid to countries supporting North Vietnam.

■ Leo Kornblath, a New York architect who "laundered" \$36,000 in corporate money by paying it to "Happy Hooker" Xaviera Hollander for so-called interior decorating services. Hollander, a Dutch citizen and reputed brothel owner who needed to show a legitimate income to remain in the United States, returned the full amount of these checks to Kornblath, and enabled him to escape paying \$13,000 taxes.

One IRS official estimates that about 1.6 million people every year cheat on their income taxes—but the odds of being hit with a criminal conviction are 6639 to 1.

■ Alleged organized crime figure Anthony "Fat Tony" Salerno, freed in a mistrial on charges of failing to report a large part of his income from 1971 to 1974. Salerno, the IRS contended, reported a \$40,000 annual income during those years but spent "literally hundreds of thousands of dollars more." Salerno claimed he made up the difference from accumulated cash savings.

■ Anthony T. Ulasewicz, the private investigator, sentenced to a year's probation for failing to report \$45,000 he earned as the conduit for \$200,000 paid to the Watergate burglars. Ulasewicz won his light sentence because he filed an amended return in 1973 on which he did pay the proper taxes and penalties.

IF ANY GENERAL CONCLUSION CAN BE DERIVED from the records of tax indictments, convictions, and sentences, it is that very, very few people need worry about getting slapped by the harsh hand of the government, especially if they exercise common sense in avoiding taxes and do not become public martyrs. One IRS official in the Midwest estimates conservatively that there are about 1.6 million tax cheats in the United States. Last year a total of only 247 people were convicted after trial of tax fraud and another 1229 pleaded guilty. In short, the odds of being hit with a criminal conviction are 6639 to 1. Indeed, since fraud is the principal crime on which tax evaders and resisters are convicted, the question of intent is often far more important to the IRS prosecutors than the failure to pay taxes alone. Fraud convictions require that a jury believe the taxpayer *intended* to evade taxes.

So long as the independent entrepreneur records all his income, the tax authorities seem to lend an understanding ear to some very unusual expenses encountered in the process of making a profit. Witness the U.S. Tax Court's cool acceptance last year of a convicted dope dealer's "legitimate" business deductions. Bill Holt, convicted in El Paso, Texas, of smuggling marijuana, was sentenced to five years and ordered to pay a \$30,000 fine. Holt admitted to the IRS that he had made \$780,000 from dope dealing in 1972, but, he claimed, he should be allowed tax deductions for the lost marijuana and trucks seized from him by the police. No, said the tax court. Contraband and the equipment used to smuggle it could not be allowed as deductions because that would imply the court condoned illegal activity. Instead, without comment, the court did allow him to deduct \$320,000 for "sales commissions," \$280,000 for "cost of goods sold (marijuana)," and \$40,000 marked "driver's expenses." After all, the last thing the government wants to do is discourage new business opportunities. □

Around the world from Iran, Muslims struggle against another repressive U.S. client.

Rebellion in the Philippines

BY LELA NOBLE

JUST AS MAHARDIKA—the newsletter of the Moro National Liberation Front (MNLF) in the Philippines—was speculating that the high cost of fighting a continuing war against Muslims in the southern Philippines was pushing the government toward a settlement, the U.S. and Philippine governments announced a new agreement on the status of U.S. military bases. In return for continued use of Clark air force base and Subic Bay naval base, the U.S. negotiating team agreed to use the “best offices” of the executive branch to win congressional approval for \$500 million in military aid over the next five years, a substantial increase over current levels. A Philippine statement added regular U.S. aid to the figure, and projected a possible total of \$1.5 billion over the five-year period.

Three-quarters of the Philippine armed forces (and a proportionate share of the military budget) is being deployed in the enormously costly war against Muslims in the south. In recent months government forces have been so desperately short of supplies that they have had to rely on old and corroded ammunition from World War II stocks. At stake for Marcos is one-third of the territory of the Philippines, most of the nation's potential oil and gas reserves, and the continued viability of the martial law regime itself.

If the additional aid leads Marcos to try to coerce or coopt the Muslims into submitting to a reform package that denies them genuine autonomy, the evidence is that he will not succeed. Philippine Muslims have been fighting for more than 400 years to avoid being incorporated on “Christian” terms

into a Philippine political system; the Moro National Liberation Front, formed in 1970, sees itself as the inheritor of that struggle, although it owes its origins to specific grievances and opportunities in the 1950s and 1960s. Headed by Nur Misuari, a former professor and radical activist at the University of the Philippines, the MNLF has since 1973 been the dominant group fighting the martial law regime; its explicit goal is to form a “Bangsa Moro State” (to include all of Mindanao, Basilan, Sulu, and Palawan) within the Republic of the Philippines. While its strength and tactics have fluctuated, the MNLF gives every evidence of being able to sustain the battle as long as the Philippine government resists negotiating a settlement.

Although the Muslim separatist war in the Philippines is often dated from October 1972, shortly after Marcos imposed martial law, for most Muslims the struggle reaches back to the sixteenth century when the Spanish began colonizing the islands. The Spanish, still fresh from their bloody expulsion of the Moors from the Iberian peninsula, turned their forces against the “Moors” (*Moros*) of the southern Philippines. For the Spanish, conquest was a means to both conversion and political control. “Filipino” converts to Christianity fought alongside the Spanish; the Muslims in turn resisted the Christian onslaught in order to maintain their religious and cultural independence.

Following the Spanish-American War, the United States took over colonial control of the islands, and with that control came the “Muslim problem.” American policy was to integrate the Muslims in the south into a Philippine nation, a policy the Muslims feared would mean eventual assimilation and loss of their identity. The new American masters did not

look kindly on Muslim culture. “It will be necessary to eradicate about all [their] customs,” wrote General Samuel Sumner, a U.S. military commander in the south. “Their religion will be a serious bar to any efforts towards Christian civilization.”

The policy of assimilation moved into high gear in the 1930s, when the government began sponsoring large-scale resettlement of Christian Filipinos into the Muslim areas of Mindanao, ostensibly to reduce overcrowding in the northern provinces. Almost a quarter of a million Christians moved south in the 1930s alone, a migration that continued until by the 1950s the new settlers outnumbered the original inhabitants in much of the south. After independence in 1946, the Philippine government continued to encourage migration, in order to defuse agrarian unrest in the north without upsetting the Christian elite, whose economic status depended on keeping control of the land there, and to “develop” the south. Muslim perceptions of the program were what could have been expected of a minority of about five percent in a country whose leadership proudly identified it as the “only Christian nation in Asia.”

Muslim fears were exacerbated by recurring conflicts about land ownership. U.S. efforts to survey and classify the land conflicted with the traditional Muslim view of land ownership, that land is occupied and cultivated but not owned. Because they expected the colonial government would use the surveys to impose new taxes, many farmers sold their land for token amounts or moved onto land classified as public. Christian settlers took advantage of Muslim practices to register title to unclaimed land and then to force off Muslim peasants as illegal squatters. Without legal documents proving ownership, the traditional

LELA NOBLE teaches political science at San Jose State University in California. She returned last August from a research trip to the Philippines.

land users could do nothing. Christian courts, a Christian constabulary, and Christian politicians provided no recourse; they only heightened the Muslim sense of discrimination and resentment. Most Muslim politicians, maneuvering to advance their own interests, were of little help.

These long festering grievances fueled the struggle against assimilation. But incidents in 1968 and 1970–71 were crucial to the organization and radicalization of the separatist movement. The first incident took place on Corregidor island in 1968: Allegedly because Muslim soldiers “mutinied,” Philippine army officers killed about 30 of them who had been recruited to take part in an invasion of the Malaysian state of Sabah, which Marcos claimed for the Philippines. Outrage at the massacre led to the formation in 1968 of the Muslim Independence Movement (MIM), whose youth section was a direct forerunner of the MNLF.

The 1970–71 confrontations took place in the context of an election campaign, and focused attention on the shifting political balance of power between Muslims and Christians as a result of Christian migration to the southern provinces. Rival politicians, acting like regional warlords, organized armed terrorist squads to consolidate their power. Christian bands called the *Ilaga*, or “rats,” were openly aided by Philippine constabulary units and government troops; Muslim politicians responded by organizing paramilitary forces called the “Blackshirts” and “Barracudas.” Other gangs and lawless bands joined in violence that ranged from the settling of private feuds to the razing of entire villages. Seventy Muslims who had been herded into a mosque were massacred; another two hundred, lured by the promise of “safe conduct” home after an election, were attacked by combined army and *Ilaga* units. These two incidents in particular received worldwide publicity and brought protests from Muslim leaders, including Colonel Muammar al-Qaddafi of Libya, who charged the Philippine government with genocide. Both sides took heavy casualties, and as refugees fled the violence, much of Mindanao divided into hostile Christian and Muslim zones.

But it was Marcos’s declaration of martial law in September 1972 that triggered the outbreak of open warfare. The new regime centralized power almost exclusively in Christian hands (Marcos, the military, and Ma-

nila technocrats), denied Muslim reformers peaceful means for political change, and threatened Muslim groups by a concerted drive to collect all civilian weapons. With the political channels closed by Marcos, armed force was the only bargaining tool the separatists had left. Three weeks after the proclamation of martial law, Marcos vowed to send an entire army division to the south to “annihilate” the “outlaws,” and promised to “search every house and village” for weapons. At that point armed confrontation became inevitable.

In the widespread and brutal fighting that followed, the MNLF and its military wing, the Bangsa Moro Army (BMA), quickly gained ascendancy. Unlike the private armies of Muslim politicians, the MNLF aimed at comprehensive reform. An MNLF commander outlined three reasons for the formation of the front: “The Corregidor massacre, land grabbing, and the disappointment of the broad masses toward government failure to solve social, political, and most of all, economic problems.” Its cohesive leadership, ideology, access to foreign supplies, and comparative discipline contributed to its growth until by late 1973 it had absorbed many of the local partisan groups. Its ranks increased steadily until 1975, reaching a maximum of perhaps 30,000 armed men; thereafter, battlefield fatigue, government amnesty programs, internal splits, and wavering of its foreign supporters prevented the MNLF from making new gains. Even so, three-quarters of the Philippine armed forces has consistently been bogged down in the southern conflict, and the end is not in sight.

EVEN WITH WIDESPREAD indigenous support for the separatist movement among Filipino Muslims, foreign support has been a crucial—although at times limiting—factor in the MNLF’s struggle. Libya’s Colonel Qaddafi, motivated by Islamic fervor and his seemingly general impulse toward interventionism, has provided important military and political support. Until his ouster in 1975, Tun Mustapha, chief minister of the Malaysian state of Sabah, also smuggled huge supplies of weapons, from rifles to antitank rockets, into the Philippines. Mustapha was himself an ardent Muslim, and particularly resented attempts by Manila to claim Sabah for the Philippines. After Mus-

tapha fell from power, aid from Sabah decreased drastically. This made it more difficult for the MNLF to deliver “patronage” to its component armed groups, and its central authority was diminished. Local units resorted to kidnappings, extortion, and bargaining with Philippine military contingents to acquire arms and supplies.

Foreign connections have also played an important role in putting diplomatic pressure on the Marcos regime for a settlement. Successive conferences of foreign ministers of the 42 states in the Islamic Secretariat have passed resolutions condemning the killings, asking the Philippine government to stop fighting and withdraw its forces, and affirming that political rather than simply economic solutions were called for. A committee appointed by the foreign ministers and the secretary general of the Islamic Secretariat was supervising negotiations between the MNLF and the Marcos regime. The member nations have carried particular weight because they control the Philippines’ oil sup-

Christian gangs called the “Rats,” abetted by army troops, massacred seventy Muslims whom they herded into a mosque.

ply. Consequently, Marcos has had to consider negotiations on terms more favorable to the MNLF than he otherwise would have.

On the other hand, the MNLF’s dependence on foreign friends has forced it to compromise its goals in exchange for their mediation. At a conference in Jeddah in 1975, for example, the MNLF had to settle for autonomy rather than independence; the next year, at Tripoli, the MNLF reached a tentative agreement with the Marcos regime that would have given autonomy to 13 provinces (of the 21 originally demanded by the MNLF).

Marcos, however, chose to implement the agreement in ways not approved by the Muslim negotiators, and

by 1977 the talks had stalemated. Qaddafi was becoming more interested in other matters, such as Ethiopian-Eritrean relations, and the next conference of Islamic foreign ministers at Tripoli merely complained of Philippine bad faith and called for better behavior in the future. Marcos had, in effect, called the bluff of the Islamic states and won. Thereafter he rejected not only the terms but also the mediatory role of the Islamic Secretariat. The problem was domestic, Marcos insisted, and should be settled without foreign interference.

Marcos seized upon divisions within the Muslim movement as an excuse to avoid real negotiations with the rebels.

INTERNAL SPLITS IN THE separatist movement gave Marcos further grounds for stalling on the negotiations. These divisions have been especially fostered by the claims of the rival Bangsa Moro Liberation Organization, led by Macapantan Abbas, Jr., Rashid Lucman, and Salipada Pendatun. Abbas had a long background in Muslim organizations in Manila before martial law, and became head of the presidential task force for Mindanao and Sulu (under Executive Secretary Alejandro Melchor) after martial law. When the task force was disbanded, Abbas went south to Mindanao State University, and then left for Saudi Arabia and a post at the Institute of Muslim Minority Affairs of King Abdulaziz University in Jeddah. Lucman was a pre-martial law politician with a reputation for ruthlessness based in part on his having headed a private army, and he was the original conduit for aid to Philippine Muslims coming from Sabah and Libya. By his account, he founded the BMLO in 1970.

The MNLF's leader, Nur Misuari, was one of his early protégés, but allegedly broke with Lucman because of the latter's misuse of funds. Lucman renounced his earlier activities when

martial law was declared, proclaiming loyalty to Marcos and accepting the title of "Paramount Sultan of the 19 Royal Houses of Mindanao and Sulu." Later both he and his wife (Tarhata Alonto Lucman, governor of Lanao del Sur province) fell out of favor with Marcos, and Lucman was accused of having participated in a pre-martial law assassination attempt against Marcos. Recently they have been based in Jeddah.

The BMLO has backed Hashim Salamat, the former vice-chairman of the MNLF, who claimed to replace Misuari as chairman in December 1977. The BMLO and Salamat accused Misuari of being domineering, secretive, corrupt, incompetent, and Maoist. They claimed to be motivated solely by Islamic principles, to have the support of soldiers in the field, and to favor negotiations to end the fighting.

Salamat's background (he was educated in Cairo and connected with a Muslim reform movement in the Philippines) suggests that he may be more narrowly Islamic than the more radical Muslims associated with Misuari. Like the BMLO leadership, he is from Mindanao, in contrast to Misuari's Suluano-dominated group. But Salamat's contacts outside and inside the Philippines seem limited. His primary source of foreign support, according to Manila accounts, was an Egyptian official who was fired by Sadat for "malfeasance." Inside the Philippines he has the sympathy of some Mindanao Muslims, but there is no evidence that he has support from MNLF units in the field. Recent rumors suggest that he is trying to reingratiate himself with Misuari. But in the meantime Salamat has been useful to the BMLO, which has needed a "front man" for its own maneuvers.

Outside the country the BMLO has won considerable support from staff members of a vocal Washington-based group called "Development Alternatives, Inc." The DAI staff seeks peace in order to facilitate economic investment in the southern Philippines. The BMLO program, it contends, is anti-communist and essentially conservative, and hence more consistent with traditional culture; with active support from Saudi Arabia, the organization could undercut the MNLF's position as the dominant liberation group. The BMLO's more moderate position would facilitate a settlement.

The BMLO's own lobbying efforts have been more direct. Its spokesmen

(Abbas, the Lucmans, Pendatun) have contacted State Department personnel, congressional aides, a string of American embassies, and journalists to line up American support for informal talks to bring together Muslim leaders (themselves, Salamat, Misuari) and Philippine officials. Failing that, they want congressional support for hearings on the plight of the Muslims.

To their credit, American officials have been unwilling to be coopted by an organization with no discernible followers. The Philippine government, however, has been willing to hold talks with the BMLO and Salamat, primarily in order to widen the split in the Muslim movement. These talks have gone nowhere, because the BMLO is too weak to really count. The Philippine government can point to the existence of rival factions as an excuse to avoid serious negotiations, saying it does not know with whom it should talk.

Meanwhile, developments on two fronts have reinforced Misuari's continuing leadership and the dominant position of the MNLF. Misuari attended the Islamic foreign ministers' conference in Senegal in April 1978 as an official "observer," and the conference communique confirmed the MNLF as the "legitimate representative of Muslims in the Southern Philippines." In the southern Philippines MNLF units have stepped up the level of their activities, disrupting development projects and fighting battles in an area now including Palawan, near the Philippines' only producing oil wells. One instance of sabotage, the toppling of power towers near Lake Lanao, allegedly occurred when officials pocketed the funds allotted for payoffs to the MNLF—which suggests that the government, public statements notwithstanding, has already come to terms with MNLF authority in certain areas. There is also evidence that some Muslims, affiliated at least indirectly with the MNLF, are paying considerably more attention to political education and organization, with the goal of providing a local basis for government.

Thus war, with all its associated human and economic costs, continues in the southern Philippines. Marcos wants nothing less than victory: A peace settlement would entail precedent-setting concessions, and Marcos has been able to use the fighting to justify the continuation of martial law. With enough American aid, Marcos obviously calculates he can afford to prolong the repression indefinitely. ■

THE BRINK: Cuban Missile Crisis, 1962, by David Detzer.
Thomas Y. Crowell, 352 pp., \$10.95.

Kennedy brinkmanship

BARTON J. BERNSTEIN

ON OCTOBER 1962, WHEN this year's college freshmen were in baby carriages, America and Russia approached the abyss of nuclear war. On Monday evening, the twenty-second, President John F. Kennedy informed a nationwide television audience that the Soviets had "clandestinely" placed "offensive" missiles in Cuba that threatened Latin America and the United States. He announced the establishment of a "quarantine" around the island and warned the Soviets that they must remove their missiles. The Soviets now had, in effect, two choices—escalation and the risk of nuclear war, or retreat and public humiliation. During the crisis, the President himself estimated, the chances of nuclear war were "somewhere between one out of three and even." But on Sunday morning, October 28, Americans awakened to learn that the Soviets had retreated and agreed to withdraw their missiles.

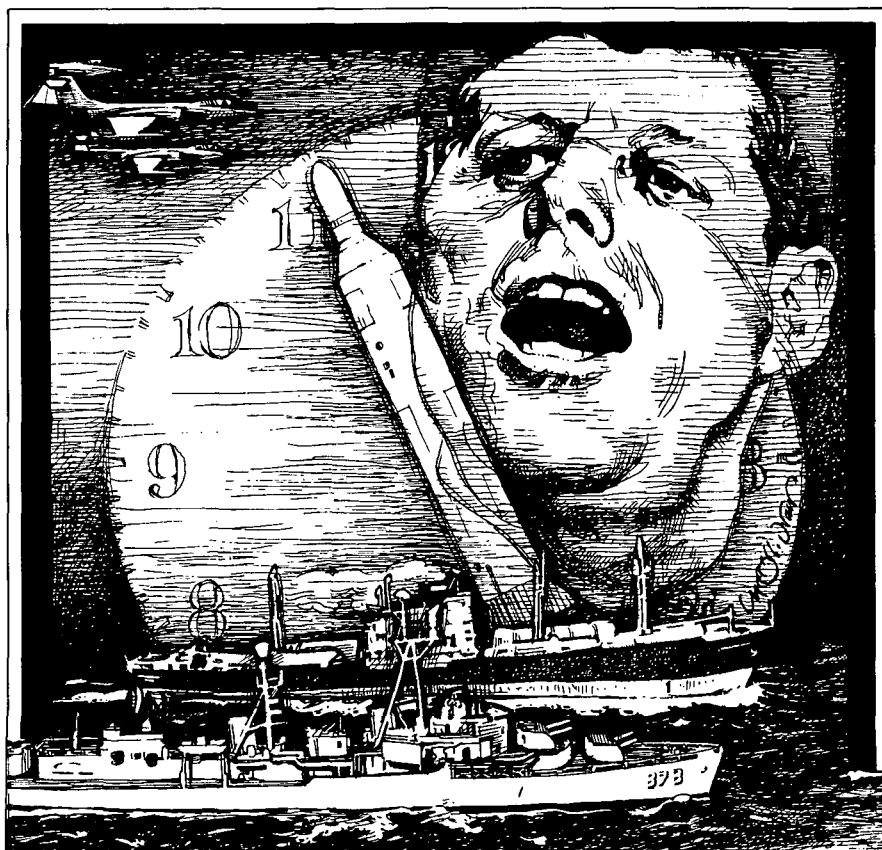
Though the crisis was over, troubling questions would linger: Why did the Soviets place the missiles in Cuba? Why did they miscalculate Kennedy's reaction? Did the missiles constitute an imminent military threat to the United States? If not, why didn't Kennedy first seek private negotiations before moving to a public confrontation? Did the administration manipulate the American public and allies overseas in order to gain support for its strategy? Why didn't the administration openly accept the Soviet offer of the twenty-seventh and trade withdrawal

of America's missiles from Turkey for removal of Soviet missiles from Cuba?

David Detzer, a historian at Western Connecticut State College, conducted about a hundred interviews and dug into some of the relevant archives to produce an entertaining, undocumented, "you are there" narrative of the missile crisis. It is a drama of the day-by-day action loosely woven into the texture of the times. His emphasis is not on analysis but on detail; the colorful description, the juicy anecdote, the lively quote. Along the way, in this engaging narrative, some questions are answered, while others are neglected or treated fleetingly.

Why did the Soviets place 42 mid-

dle-range ballistic missiles (MRBMs) in Cuba, with plans (presumably) for adding another six MRBMs and 12 or 36 intermediate-range ballistic missiles (IRBMs)? Detzer offers a combination of three reasonable, and familiar, explanations: Premier Nikita Khrushchev wanted to narrow the widening margin of American nuclear superiority, protect Cuba from an American invasion, and strengthen his own position in the Soviet hierarchy. At the time, the Soviets had about 75 ICBMs in Russia; in the United States there were about 175, and another 200 scheduled to become operational in the next 10 months. At most, therefore, the missiles in Cuba would have merely slowed the growth of American superiority. Especially after the Bay of Pigs, Castro believed that America might invade Cuba, and CIA plots to overthrow or assassinate him confirm the reasonableness of his fears. The missiles might have helped deter such an attack and thus might have prevented a painful blow to Soviet pres-



BRUCE McMILLAN

BARTON J. BERNSTEIN teaches American history at Stanford University and is a contributing editor of *INQUIRY*. He has written extensively on the Cold War.

tige. Khrushchev's success—placing missiles in Cuba—might also have buttressed his position in the Soviet government.

Why did the Soviets believe that this venture would succeed—that Kennedy would allow deployment of the missiles? Perhaps, as Kennedy feared, Khrushchev did consider him “irresolute and fainthearted.” Detzer shrewdly notes that earlier American statements may have misled the Soviets. In June 1961, for example, Senator J. William Fulbright, whom Kennedy had considered as a possible secretary of state, announced: “I suppose we would all be less comfortable if the Soviets did install missile bases in Cuba, but I am not sure that our national existence would be in substantially greater danger. . . .” And in January 1962, the State Department “calmly” admitted, “Bombers, naval craft, and possibly short-range tactical guided missiles might eventually be delivered to Cuba”—a point reaffirmed in February.

Even the administration's public warnings of September 1962 against a Soviet buildup (which Detzer somewhat misinterprets) did not firmly bar Soviet MRBMs and IRBMs in Cuba—a point that administration stalwarts later ruefully admitted. And there is the lingering problem (briefly noted by Detzer) of why the Soviets did not camouflage their missile sites in Cuba.

a gap in U-2 surveillance of Cuba and that Kennedy did not learn of the missiles until the sixteenth?

The addition of 42 or even 84 missiles neither altered the strategic balance nor imperiled America, as Detzer recognizes. Unless one assumes that the Soviets were suicidal, the additional missiles did not make a Soviet first strike more likely. Nor did they greatly dilute an American second strike. Even after a Soviet first strike, the United States could have carried out a second strike (on Soviet cities) with about 60 ICBMs and 144 Polaris missiles. Most members of the ExComm (the Executive Committee of the National Security Council) accepted this analysis, as Theodore Sorensen wrote Kennedy on the seventeenth, agreeing that the missiles in Cuba did “not significantly alter the balance of power.”

ON THE BASIS OF THIS strategic analysis, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara initially recommended that the United States should simply accept the presence of the missiles and do nothing. President Kennedy was unwilling to follow such counsel. Appearances may shape reality, he later explained, and therefore America would suffer a great political defeat. “Doing nothing is unacceptable,” he instructed the ExComm, for he feared that the Soviet

Such considerations explain why President Kennedy would not permit the deployment of the missiles. But why didn't he first try private negotiations? Two former ambassadors to the Soviet Union, Charles Bohlen, and apparently Llewellyn Thompson as well, both proposed this course. It was by far the safer one. As Bohlen suggested, private negotiations would have enabled Kennedy to gauge Khrushchev's commitment to the missile venture and also would have allowed the Soviets to back down without public humiliation. Negotiations would have made a Soviet retreat less painful and, hence, more likely.

In considering the key question of why Kennedy rejected such diplomacy, the author offers only one sentence: The President “worried that while diplomats talked, the missile sites would be completed.” This interpretation is undercut by some declassified information that Detzer neglects: All the MRBM sites in Cuba were usable by the twenty-second, according to a CIA report, and earlier CIA reports had indicated that about 14 to 18 of the missiles could be launched by the twenty-second in a first salvo. The CIA admitted that it could not determine whether nuclear warheads were present in Cuba, and noted that if they were not, they could always be brought in by air. But Kennedy and various associates assumed the worst: that the warheads were already there.

Some defenders of the administration have contended that Kennedy chose the quarantine, without first trying diplomacy, because he wanted to shock the Soviets and thus increase the likelihood of their backing down. So far, no available contemporaneous documents establish this interpretation. Moreover, defenders often fail to acknowledge that JFK could first have tried negotiations and then, had he wished, moved to a public confrontation if negotiations had failed: America could still have gone on to establish a quarantine afterwards, as Bohlen argued on the eighteenth.

Kennedy eschewed diplomacy and chose confrontation largely because of the demands of domestic politics and his own desire for a public victory. He knew that he could keep the presence of the Soviet missiles secret for only a few days before he would have to act boldly. When Americans learned of the missiles, JFK had to announce forceful tactics or risk the possibility of impeachment. Certainly his party would

***Most ranking members
of the National Security
Council finally accepted
Sorensen's conclusion that
Soviet missiles in Cuba
did not significantly alter
the balance of power.***

The most plausible interpretation, advanced by others and acknowledged by Detzer, is that Khrushchev may have purposely left the sites uncamouflaged so that JFK would know of the installations and could respond. Perhaps the premier was awaiting some signal from the President in late September and through mid-October during the early construction on the missile sites. When Kennedy did not protest, Khrushchev may have concluded that the President was willing to live with the missile buildup. How could Khrushchev have known that there was

success would destroy his prestige and power within the government, the nation, and the world. His courage and credibility—and thus, he stressed, America's—were at stake. Allies would no longer trust America, and Berlin might be the next Soviet target. If “Khrushchev . . . is counting on [my] weakness or irresolution, he has miscalculated,” Kennedy assured British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, and to his brother, he confided, “If I don't do anything about removing those missiles from Cuba, I might be impeached.”

have been overwhelmingly defeated in the congressional elections that November. Even before the crisis, the GOP had declared, "Cuba is the number-one issue," and condemned him for his "tragic irresolution." "More courage and less profile," his critics demanded.

AT A MEETING OF THE ExComm on the seventeenth, Secretary of the Treasury C. Douglas Dillon, a Republican, summarized part of the political problem in a note to Sorensen: "Have you considered the very real possibility that if we allow Cuba to complete [the] missile bases, the next House of Representatives is likely to have a Republican majority? This would completely paralyze our ability to react sensibly and coherently to further Soviet advances." Kennedy's programs, both in foreign and domestic affairs, would have been thwarted. This is not to say that he was acting primarily out of narrow partisan loyalty. Rather, for the President, political principle and partisan politics coalesced. And, as Roger Hilsman later acknowledged, the administration also feared that it would have been undercut by hardliners in the bureaucracy, especially in the Pentagon and CIA, if it did not respond boldly to the Soviet missiles.

Kennedy also hankered for a dramatic victory, an opportunity to "rub [Khrushchev's] nose in the dirt" in retaliation for the humiliation that Kennedy felt he had suffered at the Vienna summit in 1961. Comfortably linking self and nation, the President wanted to reassert both himself and American power. Convinced of the need to act to gain removal of the missiles, he relished the prospect of confrontation and lusted for public victory. This is not to deny that Kennedy was less bellicose than some of his advisers, including the Joint Chiefs and former Secretary of State Dean Acheson, who had pushed for an invasion or bombing attack and regarded the quarantine as too soft.

During the week of crisis, few Americans questioned the President's decision to eliminate the missiles speedily. There seemed to be no alternative, since the administration, as Detzer fails to note, never disclosed its private assessment that the missiles did not seriously imperil the United States. Detzer also neglects the troubling evidence that the administration "managed" the news during the crisis and

During the Cuba crisis, Kennedy "managed" the news in order to deceive the American people. One of his assistants asked, "Is there a plan to brief and brainwash key press?"

thus deceived Americans and others. Summarizing that strategem, one presidential assistant asked a few hours before Kennedy's nationwide address of the twenty-second, "Is there a plan to brief and brainwash key press . . . ?"

After Kennedy's speech, as Detzer notes, the 20 member nations of the Organization of American States unanimously endorsed the quarantine. Unfortunately, the author did not explain how the administration achieved this surprising unanimity. (Some advisers had earlier worried whether the United States would gain the necessary two-thirds [14 votes].) The answer is that some votes were virtually purchased. An affirmative vote was a prerequisite for U.S. economic aid, the main subject on the agenda for the OAS meeting.

During the week of crisis, ExComm members knew America was dangerously close to war. Even on Thursday the twenty-fifth, some Soviet ships had turned back and others idled outside the quarantine line, while a few ships obviously not carrying missiles approached the line. The situation was still perilous. Would the Soviets attack? Would they ultimately remove the missiles? Consider, for example, these excerpts from recently declassified minutes (not used by Detzer) from that afternoon's ExComm session:

Secretary [of State Dean] Rusk . . . said . . . Shortly we must decide if the Soviet signals which they are sending us mean they are getting ready to talk or whether they are getting ready to attack us.

The Attorney General [Robert Kennedy] . . . said we might decide that it was better to knock out the missiles by air attack than to stop a Soviet ship on the high seas.

Secretary Dillon said he preferred that the confrontation take place in Cuba rather than on the high seas.

By Friday evening, the fears had subsided, for the Soviets had suggested a settlement: withdrawal of the missiles and inspection, in return for an American pledge not to invade Cuba.

Unfortunately, on Saturday morning, when the ExComm reconvened, the situation turned bleak again: A U-2 plane had been shot down over Cuba, a Soviet ship was moving toward the quarantine line, and the Soviet delegation in New York was reported burning secret papers and probably getting ready for war. Worst of all, the Soviets had upped their terms for a settlement to include America's withdrawal of missiles from Turkey. "It was the blackest hour of the crisis," recalled Hilsman.

AT ONE POINT IN THE ExComm's deliberations that Saturday, according to evidence neglected by Detzer, many members came to support a zany scheme: first disarm the missiles in Turkey and so inform the Soviets; then bomb the missile sites and invade Cuba. The attraction of this plan, for the Joint Chiefs and others, was that it would eliminate both the missiles and Castro. Proponents seemed to believe that disarming the missiles in Turkey would meet Soviet needs and that the Kremlin would reluctantly accede to the invasion. But, to consider only one point: How could the Soviets have countenanced the slaughter of their approximately 20,000 soldiers who tended the missile-site areas? It was a crazy scheme, and President Kennedy deftly killed it.

In the ExComm deliberations, many advisers opposed the explicit trade of the missiles in Turkey for a settlement. That was blackmail, and would weaken the NATO alliance, they argued. The ExComm knew that these missiles were provocative (good only for a first strike) and that the President had deployed them to fulfill Eisenhower's pledge and to shore up his own credibility after Vienna. They also knew that Kennedy had hoped on a few occasions to arrange to withdraw them, but that the Turkish government had wished to retain them,

largely for reasons of prestige. At various times in the Saturday meetings, President Kennedy anxiously toyed with schemes to induce the Turks "to suggest to us that we withdraw our missiles." "[W]e are now in the position of risking war in Cuba and in Berlin over missiles in Turkey which are of little military value," he lamented. "[W]e have to face up to the possibility of some kind of a trade over missiles," he concluded at one point. There was

We risked war in Berlin and in Cuba over U.S. missiles in Turkey that President Kennedy had to admit were "of little value."

no formal agreement on this issue at the Saturday sessions, according to the recently declassified minutes, but one theme does peek through: Kennedy and his advisers, as the attorney general said, would "hold off one more day a decision on accepting the Turkish/Cuban missile trade offer." At the same time, however, President Kennedy issued a public statement that seemed to reject the trade.

Well before the Soviets had publicly raised this issue, UN Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, Assistant Secretary of State W. Averell Harriman, and Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, among others, had privately suggested this trade. On Sunday, the twenty-first, according to Detzer, who does not disclose his sources, "almost every member of the ExComm would agree that the United States might eventually have to give up its Turkish missiles to settle the crisis." During the week of the quarantine, advisers worked on various plans for withdrawing the missiles without offending Turkey or weakening NATO, and most stressed the need to avoid the appearance of yielding to Soviet pressure.

If the Soviets insisted upon a *public* trade and the administration refused, how could the crisis be resolved? On Saturday evening, Robert Kennedy privately told Anatoly Dobrynin, the Soviet ambassador, that the administration would withdraw the missiles after the crisis. This was not the public promise that the Soviets had demanded. Was it a hedged offer, contingent on NATO's and Turkey's ap-

proval? "It was up to NATO to make the decision," the attorney general told Rusk a few days later in summarizing the offer. And that implied that Turkey had to agree. Yet recently, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., the former JFK aide who has had privileged access to Robert Kennedy's papers (unlike Detzer or myself), claims to have found evidence that the attorney general *firmly* promised withdrawal of the missiles. In his notes summarizing the Saturday night discussion with Dobrynin, Robert Kennedy scribbled: "I told you we would be out [with the missiles from Turkey?]-4-5 months. That still holds . . . You have my word on this & that is sufficient."

Even if Schlesinger's interpretation of this evidence is correct and Robert Kennedy did make such a promise, did the attorney general and his brother believe on the twenty-seventh that the Soviets would settle for this private agreement? After all, what was to prevent the Kennedy brothers from renegeing later and denying that they had made such a promise? Their unwillingness to commit the pledge to writing undoubtedly made the Soviets suspicious. That Saturday night, the President was so fearful there would be no agreement, the attorney general later recalled, that he began preparations for an invasion on Tuesday.

What would have happened if the Soviets had rejected the private offer? Would President Kennedy have invaded on Tuesday, as some memoirists, including Bobby Kennedy, have contended? Would he have publicly offered the trade? Or would he have tried more negotiations? During the preceding days, he had said that diplomacy would have to settle the dispute. Would he have clung to that position? Or might he have felt compelled—by the pain of personal rebuff, by the desire to affirm his courage and credibility, and by partisan and bureaucratic pressures—to invade Cuba? Would not the Soviets then have moved on Berlin or elsewhere? And then? Fortunately, the crisis ended peacefully, and so these speculative questions can never be adequately answered.

When the Soviets backed down publicly, Kennedy could bask in the glow of his widely acclaimed triumph. He was a hero. It was "his finest hour," admirers joyfully declared. What they did not recognize¹ was that he had unnecessarily taken the world to the very brink of nuclear war.

REEFER MADNESS: The History of Marijuana in America, by Larry Sloman. Bobbs-Merrill, 404 pp., \$12.95.

The high and the mighty

JEFF RIGGENBACH

WHAT A BOOK THIS could have been—a definitive popular history of marijuana use in America, a history that would put the past hundred years of incomprehension, persecution, and prohibition into some kind of reasonable perspective; a history that would fill in all the hows and whys that previous books have left vague and shadowy. It is known, for example, that the American people had grown the hemp plant commercially for more than a century, had used its fibers to make rope, paper, and cloth, and its resin, leaves, and flowers to treat ailments of all kinds; and had fed its seeds to birds and used its oil to polish furniture. How is it then that this people who knew and understood the hemp plant so well could be convinced in little more than a generation that it was *not* the source of fiber and folk medicine they all knew it was, but actually a fountainhead of violence and insanity, "the weed with roots in Hell"?

Questions such as this are not answered by the conventional wisdom on the history of marijuana in America—the history, that is, which has become conventional since the revisionism of the late 1960s and early 1970s. Before that there literally was no history at all; only the propaganda of the U.S. Bureau of Narcotics and various and sundry police departments, sometimes printed and distributed frankly as such, more often printed and distributed under the name of "journalism" in the pages of daily newspapers and monthly magazines. The chief advocate of the official line, whether in his own name or pseudonymously, was the longtime commissioner of the

JEFF RIGGENBACH is senior editor of the *Libertarian Review* and a nationally syndicated radio commentator.

Bureau of Narcotics, Harry Jacob Anslinger, who told the members of the House Ways and Means Committee at the Marihuana Tax Act hearings of April 1937 that

This drug is as old as civilization itself. Homer wrote about it, as a drug which made men forget their homes, and that turned them into swine. In Persia, a thousand years before Christ, there was a religious and military order founded which was called the Assassins, and they derived their name from the drug called hashish, which is now known in this country as marihuana. They were noted for their acts of cruelty, and the word "assassin" very aptly describes the drug. . . .

Of course, marijuana was not smoked in the United States by Persians and ancient Greeks; as Anslinger put it in his annual report for 1931, "This abuse of the drug (Marihuana) is noted particularly among the Latin-American or Spanish-speaking population." And the commissioner had already given some inkling of what he thought of that segment of the population: Two years earlier, when he was still assistant commissioner of prohibition, he had described the ships of alcohol smugglers as "vessels sailing from filthy Central American and West Indian ports, having the lowest scum of the earth as members of the crew." And his feelings were no doubt

fueled by letters like the one he received in September 1936 from the city editor of the *Alamosa Daily Courier* in Colorado: "I wish I could show you," the editor wrote, "what a small marihuana cigaret can do to one of our degenerate Spanish-speaking residents. That's why our problem is so great; the greatest percentage of our population is composed of Spanish-speaking persons, most of whom are low mentally, because of social and racial conditions."

There's no evidence that Anslinger actually visited Alamosa to find out what hemp smoking could do to Spanish-speaking degenerates. He didn't need to. He already *knew*. From about 1931 on, he had painstakingly assembled a mammoth "gore file," bringing together all available case histories (mostly drawn from the pages of newspapers) that "proved" the evil of marijuana. And Anslinger's favorite among all these case histories, the marijuana story he repeated endlessly in his own writings and circulated with almost monotonous regularity to all the media, was the story of the Victor Licata case. Here is how Anslinger presented it in his famous July 1937 article in the *American* magazine, "Marihuana: Assassin of Youth":

An entire family was murdered by a youthful addict in Florida. When officers arrived

at the home, they found the youth staggering about in a human slaughterhouse. With an ax he had killed his father, mother, two brothers, and a sister. He seemed to be in a daze. . . . He had no recollection of having committed the multiple crime. The officers knew him ordinarily as a sane, rather quiet young man; now he was pitifully crazed. They sought the reason. The boy said he had been in the habit of smoking something which youthful friends called "muggles," a childish name for marihuana.

The facts of the matter were that Licata was never known to anybody as "a sane, rather quiet young man"; that he had previously been in trouble with the local police, who had filed a lunacy petition in an effort to have him committed but had withdrawn it when his parents pledged that they could take better care of him at home; and that the joints Licata was smoking had been rolled and given to him by his father, who peddled the weed in the (Spanish-speaking) neighborhood. But these facts did not deter Harry Anslinger from broadcasting his own carefully reworked version of the story instead of the truth.

IN MANY WAYS, THE LICATA story was typical of those in Anslinger's "gore file." Even Dr. William C. Woodward of the American Medical Association—which almost invariably supported Anslinger



From *Marijuana* by Lester Grinspoon. ©1969 by Scientific American, Inc. All rights reserved.

in whatever he did or wanted—complained before the House Ways and Means Committee in 1937 about the shoddiness of the evidence the commissioner had presented for his view that marijuana was an “addictive” drug that acted as a causative factor in violent crime. It was all newspaper accounts, Woodward complained; there was no primary evidence. And the “newspaper accounts,” then and later, weren’t all from publications as august as the *New York Times*. Many of them came from such sources as the *Police Gazette*, *True*, *True Detective*, *True Crime*, and *True Police Cases*. But, as history has shown, this was sufficient evidence to convince the Congress of the United States.

Since the late 1960s, when marijuana revisionism began in earnest among social historians, it has become *de rigueur* to regard these scare stories as either hysterical exaggerations on the part of people who already hated and feared the Latin Americans portrayed therein, or outright lies calculated to exploit the racial bigotry so common in America for supporting the creation of a new law enforcement empire for Harry Anslinger. Both hypotheses are plausible enough, but both have remained far too hypothetical for far too long. In this case, as in the case of Commissioner Anslinger’s presentation to Congress in 1937, there has been too little primary evidence.

In part, this has been understandable. Until now, we have had no would-be comprehensive history of marijuana in America to consult on the matter. It has been discussed instead, and usually only in passing, in general books on psychoactive drugs and in socio-medico-political studies of the contemporary “marijuana problem.” But in a book that is clearly labeled “A History of Marijuana in America,” it is somewhat unsettling to find so many fundamental historical questions not only unanswered but unasked. What really happened in all those southern and southwestern and western states in the early years of this century when the first American laws against marijuana began to appear on the books? Was the drug really involved in all those brutal murders and assaults? It would be difficult to sell that idea to the 25 million Americans who are now believed to smoke the weed on a more or less regular basis. They’ve learned from personal experiences that marijuana tends to have a calming, rather than an exciting, effect

Legalization of marijuana threatens too many interests: police, judges, counselors, lawyers, and traffickers.

on the user, who is more likely to become sociable and hungry, than enraged and violent.

Sloman writes of the prevalence, between 1915 and 1933, of “lurid newspaper stories depicting marijuana as a causative agent in crime or insanity,” and he says “the Hearst chain were leaders in this regard, but even the newspaper of record, the *New York Times*, reported these horror stories.” He even cites a 1936 Universal News Service story called “Murders Due to ‘Killer Drug’ Marihuana Sweeping United States” by one Kenneth Clark. But never does he look behind the stories to try to find out, for example, where Clark and his fellow reporters got their stories. Did they originate in Harry Anslinger’s office? Or in the offices of his field agents? Or were they all true, except for the part about the marijuana? It apparently never occurred to Sloman to wonder.

It also apparently never occurred to him to wonder about the exact nature of the constitutional grounds that were used twice to challenge the original Harrison Narcotics Act of 1914, the law that first put the United States in the business of suppressing narcotics. Sloman alludes to court fights that resulted from these challenges; he even reproduces a 1936 memo from Assistant Treasury Secretary Stephen Gibbons to Treasury Secretary Herman Oliphant concerning the advisability of giving Anslinger’s bureau, which was under their department’s jurisdiction, the additional job of stamping out the marijuana menace: “I am of the opinion,” Gibbons wrote, “that nearly everyone having anything to do with the Harrison Narcotics Act [is] continually fighting shy of making any move which might bring any feature of this Act before the United States Supreme Court. As you will recall, the law was upheld by a five to four decision.” But on what issues? Where is the historical research in this “history”?

Actually, its subtitle notwithstanding, Sloman’s book is only about three-

fifths history. The concluding 14 chapters are really 14 magazine-style features strung together as the second half of a book. And that part of the book is far and away the better part—which shouldn’t be surprising since Sloman’s main background is as a feature writer for magazines like *Rolling Stone*, *Crawdaddy*, and *High Times*. In the second part of *Reefer Madness*, he offers us interview-profiles of thirtyish veterans of the sixties whose only hangup about the drug is that they think their 62-year-old parents smoke too much of it; thirtyish suburbanite couples who aggressively pursue the American dream of wealth and professional status while smoking marijuana all day every day the way other people smoke cigarettes; a 22-year-old college student who already earns \$25,000 a year dealing marijuana to young doctors, lawyers, and professors after only four years in the business; Bob Randall, the Washington D.C. speech teacher who smokes ten joints a day of government-grown and government-supplied marijuana to ward off glaucoma-induced blindness; and Burt Rubin, the coowner of E-Z Wider Products, a line of rolling papers and other dope paraphernalia which reportedly grossed almost \$7 million in 1977.

There is also an interview with Howard Diller, a former narc who noticed the political winds changing in the sixties and became a defense attorney specializing in drug cases. He patiently explains to Sloman why there is so much to overcome before the laws against marijuana can be eliminated: Lawyers, law enforcement agencies, and traffickers would all lose millions of dollars per year in fees, salaries, and profits. “But not just lawyers,” he tells Sloman, “will suffer from the decriminalization of marijuana. There are numerous ancillary services, for example: youth counseling, probation officers, judges, hacks in prison—it would be tremendous. We’re living in a criminal economy, and decriminalization would hurt so many different people.”

DILLER ALSO OFFERS A pair of insights into the fundamental character—one might even say the soul—of the narc. “Ninety-nine percent of the Bureau’s automobiles,” he tells Sloman at one point in their discussion, “were automobiles that had been seized as contraband when they were used in the transportation of drugs. And the agents used them. The way it worked was that the best cars seized went to the supervisors and the bosses. District Supervisors always drove Cadillacs. Group leaders, who were below, would drive nice Chryslers. The bad agents would drive six-year-old Plymouths.”

The only Drug Enforcement Administration agent I’ve ever known was a fellow named Jerry Rice with whom I worked a number of years ago in a radio newsroom in Houston, Texas. Jerry was going to school part time, finishing up his law degree. He had a job with the DEA waiting for him when he graduated. When I asked him one night why he wanted to be a narc, he said that it was because they got to keep people’s cars when they made busts. He figured it was a nice fringe benefit of the job—you didn’t have to buy a car.

Diller’s other insight comes in his comments on the biggest narc of them all, Harry Anslinger. “Anslinger believed very strongly that the best government was one that was a repressive one,” he tells Sloman.

That the people were not capable basically of controlling their passions and their needs. That the way to control them in their best interests would be to impose restrictions of one kind or another. The thing that Anslinger concerned himself with a lot was the dissemination of information. He completely disagreed with the free exchange of ideas on the subject. He believed that the free exchange of ideas would result in contamination of the brains of the good people.

“Would you say that he was obsessed with power?” Sloman asks.

“Oh, he loved it,” Diller replies. “Absolutely. He was like a Napoleonic guy.”

That he was. But to the extent his powerful, uninformed, charismatic, malevolent presence is conjured up in Sloman’s book, it is conjured, not by Sloman but by one or another of his many interviewees. The bald fact of the matter is that Sloman’s profiles are so successful because he stays out of them, because they are little more than

verbatim transcriptions of tape-recorded conversations. If he had attempted to make more of them, he would doubtless have failed as he failed in the historical first half of his book, because he is no more a journalist than a historian. All through the book Sloman can’t even get widely familiar proper names right. He repeatedly calls the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws the National Organization to Reform the Marijuana Laws. He refers to Daniel Patrick Moynihan as “Senator Monihan.” Lee Otis Johnson, the Houston man who was busted in the late 1960s for possession of a single joint and sentenced to twenty years in prison, he calls “Otis Lee Johnson.” He refers to the Drug Enforcement Administration as the Drug Enforcement Agency. And getting the names right isn’t Sloman’s only problem as a journalist: On occasion he also has trouble writing grammatical sentences.

Why was the job of writing the history of marijuana in America awarded to such a klutz? What a masterstroke of editorial misjudgment! What a disappointment! What a book this could have been. □

LEON TROTSKY, by Irving Howe. Viking Press, 214 pp., \$10.00.

Rummaging in the dustbin

NICOLAS WALTER

THIS YEAR MARKS THE centennial of three very different pseudonymous revolutionaries—Joe Hill, Stalin, and Trotsky. It is easy enough to commemorate the unsuccessful but sincere American Swede, or the insincere but successful Russian Georgian—but what about the insincere and unsuccessful Russian Jew? The trouble with Trotsky is that he was a Bolshevik Bottom, who took too many parts in the midsummer

NICOLAS WALTER is the editor of *The New Humanist* (London). He has edited *Bakunin's The Paris Commune and the Idea of the State* and *Kropotkin's Memoirs of a Revolutionist*.

nightmare of the left, and who even tried to write the play. He is hero, villain and martyr, theorist and practitioner, critic and historian (his finest books are the *History of the Russian Revolution* and *My Life*); he packed seven ages of man into one astonishing act.

After Lenin, he was the creator of Bolshevik Russia: chairman of the Petersburg soviet in 1905 and again in 1917, organizer of the October Revolution, negotiator of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, founder of the Red Army, and victor of the civil war. Even more than Lenin, and before Stalin, he was the destroyer of Bolshevik Russia; he crushed the soviets with party dictatorship, crushed socialism with War Communism, crushed communism with industrial conscription, crushed revolution in one country with plans for world revolution, and crushed dissent with armed force. He is the man who consigned his defeated enemies to “the dustbin of history” and had the rebels of Kronstadt “shot like partridges.” Then nemesis followed hubris: Trotsky lost the struggle for power after Lenin’s death, was expelled from the Communist party and from the Soviet Union, and was hunted from country to country and from continent to continent. Finally, he was consigned by his victorious enemies to the dustbin of history and was battered to death like a rat.

This is material for a classical epic or drama, but can it be put into a book? Irving Howe’s attempt appears in the *Modern Masters* series, but is Trotsky a modern master, and is Trotskyism more than a footnote to Stalinism? In the Communist world Trotskyism is little more than a term of abuse; in the Third World it is important only in a few unexpected places like Sri Lanka and Peru; in the West it is the form of revolutionism affected by soft-faced men who have done well, or expect to, out of the class war. Irving Howe mentions his own “rather complicated intellectual relationship with [the] subject,” as a former Trotskyist who long ago rejected Trotskyism but still admires Trotsky. He describes not a modern master but a Carlylean Hero as Man of Action; not Trotskyism, which he calls “a petrified ideology,” but Trotsky, whom he calls “a figure of heroic magnitude.” The result is a book not for Marxists in general or for Trotskyists in particular, or indeed for anyone interested in revolution or Russia or both. It is a crib for liberals, written by a professor of English.

Trotsky would have enjoyed the joke.

The inevitable comparison is with the standard biography, Isaac Deutscher's three-volume masterpiece, *The Prophet Armed* (1954), *The Prophet Unarmed* (1959), *The Prophet Outcast* (1963). This was written by a Polish émigré in Britain, a Marxist who belonged to no Marxist organization, a scholar who earned his living writing for the capitalist press, a revolutionary who was admired by the liberal intelligentsia.

ticular, consider some of the episodes in question. After the split between Bolsheviks and Mensheviks, in 1903, Trotsky published his famous criticism of Lenin's policy: "First the party organization is substituted for the party as a whole; then the Central Committee is substituted for the organization; and finally a single dictator is substituted for the Central Committee." Howe quotes this passage, but not the earlier one in which Trotsky said that

Trotsky's understanding, not only by his own part in the process he prophesied, but by the continuation of permanent revolution ever since. He supported Lenin's call for armed insurrection against the provisional government, he insisted that the Bolsheviks should form a one-party government, he ensured the victory of the regime first by a war against its opponents and then by a war against its subjects. More than anyone else, he constructed the dictatorship over the proletariat, and the Russian example has subsequently been copied in Eastern Europe, in China, in Cuba, in Southeast Asia, and now in Africa. Howe sees but cannot grasp the caricature of Marxism that is etched into the twentieth century with acid first prepared by Trotsky. In this respect, he was a modern master indeed.

After the 1917 revolution—or rather, counterrevolution—Trotsky published his famous justification of Bolshevik methods, *Terrorism and Communism*. Howe comments that "this book does Trotsky small honor." The truth is that it represents all too closely what was being done by Bolshevism in general and by Trotsky in particular. Trotsky's one great virtue, or vice, is that he said what he thought, even if he thought different things at different times or unpopular things at any time. He thought and said that Bolshevism should destroy all resistance; and so it did. He thought that it should fight to the end; and so it did. He thought that it should conscript workers as well as soldiers, should smash the peasantry as well as the bourgeoisie; and so it did. He was the first to think of things, and the first to say them; and they were done. Trotskyism was terrorism. Howe (like Deutscher) cannot bear to recognize the truth. Trotsky did—at the time.

After being driven out of his party and country in 1927–1929, Trotsky published his famous criticism of Stalin's methods, *The Revolution Betrayed*. Like any other politician, he condemned in opposition the very same things he had done while in power, and discovered for himself what his non-Bolshevik opponents had been proclaiming for ten or twenty years. Howe rightly emphasizes that during the 1930s (and 1940s and 1950s) many people in the West supported Stalin, but he wrongly adds that "all through the 1930s Trotsky stood almost alone in pointing to the facts—for they were facts—about the Stalin regime." The

A Bolshevik Bottom, he took too many parts in the left's midsummer nightmare, and even tried to write the play.

It is an elaborate apologia not only for Trotsky but also for Lenin and even for Stalin, an attempt to see Trotsky from the inside. Howe explicitly avoids Deutscher's historicist trap, but he falls into one of his own. Deutscher accepted the verdict of history, and tried to justify doing so; Howe rejects the verdict of history, but he gives no justification. He ends with the lame conclusion that "history is a bitch" and that Trotsky "tried, on his own terms, to be equal to his time" and is "one of the titans of our century." Deutscher, like Trotsky, was saying something, even if he was wrong; Howe is saying nothing. Trotsky would not have enjoyed the joke.

The question is really whether a disengaged writer can come to grips with a committed revolutionary, whether Trotsky can be put into a polite little book at all. Howe has produced an elegant and efficient summary of Trotsky's life and work, but it always seems to miss the point. Commenting on the fact that the pseudonym Trotsky was taken by Leon Bronstein from one of his jailers, Howe (like Deutscher) is reduced to psychoanalytic speculations about the 22-year-old agitator's unconscious motives. The proper comment is surely that in one of Trotsky's footnotes: "Attention—this is ironical!" In fact that could be Trotsky's epitaph, though the irony was seldom so innocent; it was more the grim horror of a Greek tragedy or a novel by Thomas Hardy or William Faulkner—writers about whom Howe has written without seeing their point either.

Turning from the general to the par-

Lenin's policy implied a party that "is substituted for the working classes," though this is the crucial criticism not just of Leninism but of Marxism itself. And of course the irony is multiplied far beyond Trotsky's understanding, by his own part in the process he prophesied. He helped to substitute Bolshevism for socialism and Lenin for the party; he helped to substitute Lenin's Bolshevik government for the All-Russian Congress of Soviets and for the Constituent Assembly; he helped to substitute the argument of force for the force of argument. Stalin did little more than Trotsky had said should be done.

AFTER THE 1905 REVOLUTION—or rather, nonrevolution—Trotsky published his famous theory of "permanent revolution." He tried to bring dogmatic Marxism into line with pragmatic reality, and to find a way for the Russian Marxists to obtain power in the wrong place and at the wrong time—a country with a weak bourgeoisie and a small proletariat. Marxism envisaged first the development of capitalism, and a bourgeois revolution; then the development of socialism, and a proletarian revolution; Trotsky reversed the process, leaping from the past over the present into the future without bothering about the economic base or the political stage or anything else. Howe (like Deutscher) expounds the theory clearly but forgets that its driving motive was the seizure of power rather than the comprehension of history. Again, the irony is multiplied far beyond

acts had been the same in kind, if not in degree, since 1918, and many socialists had said so at the time. Mensheviks and Social Revolutionaries and anarchists anticipated Trotsky's criticism of Stalinism even when it was still Leninism—and Trotskyism. Indeed Machajski described in detail what Russian Marxism would lead to before Trotsky joined up; and Bakunin described in detail what Marxism would lead to before Trotsky was born. Howe has fallen out of the Stalinist frying pan into the Trotskyist fire; the old Trotskyist still serves the cause of Trotskyism without knowing it.

The one time that Howe really gets to grips with Trotsky is when he discusses *Literature and Revolution*, the book Trotsky wrote when Lenin was still alive and he was still War Commissar, but even here Howe falls both forward and backward. He simultaneously overrates Trotsky's critical ability and complains that "Trotsky does not quite get to the essential business of literary criticism, the analysis and valuation of texts." Trotsky may have been superior to all other revolutionary leaders—and indeed to most other Marxist critics—but his judgments are largely vitiated by prejudice. Thus he dismissed all the Russian writers who refused to accept the revolution, yet it was such writers who gave the revolution its place in literature; and he sneered at Zamyatin for being isolated from reality, yet it was Zamyatin who had just written *We*. But at least Trotsky was not an academic, and he knew that the essential business of literary criticism, for anyone who is concerned with literature rather than criticism, is not the analysis and valuation of texts, however necessary such work may be, but the creation of and response to texts by writer and reader.

This little mistake illuminates the great error of the whole book. For Howe, Trotsky is a text, the subject of a book. For once the Trotskyists are right: Trotsky lives. Not as a political leader, but as a hero doing as much harm as heroes always do. He is a Prometheus, bringing fire to men and burning both himself and them. He is a Frankenstein, creating a monster and then pursuing it until it turns and kills him with an ice-axe. A century after his birth, it is time to smash a hole in his reputation as well. As Kropotkin said when Trotsky was still in power, this is how *not* to make a revolution; and that is the only lesson to learn from Trotsky. Let him die. ■

MUSIC

The dimensions of Mingus

NAT HENTOFF

BY 1960, CHARLES MINGUS had become so formidable a presence on the jazz scene that, in a characteristic act of rebellion, he could launch a counterfestival to the annual Newport rites of jazz. He and his defiant colleagues were protesting the rampant commercialism of the established event and, setting up shop in a tent across town, they created such intoxicatingly undiluted jazz that several hundred listeners were lured away from the main festival.

At the time, I was producing records for the Candid label and wanted to get some of that revolutionary spirit into permanent grooves. The resulting session, *Newport Rebels*, has recently been reissued on Barnaby/Candid. In addition to Mingus, the exultant assembly included Max Roach, Jo Jones, Eric Dolphy, and Roy Eldridge. Eldridge, who had shaped many trumpet players for many years, was skeptical of the newer directions in jazz, and he particularly wondered about Mingus. There was Mingus's strange penchant for tempos that kept changing in the middle of a piece, and that sometimes weren't even explicitly stated—they were just felt. There was also Mingus's delight in dissonance, and occasionally, long before it became hip, he would go outside the chords entirely.

Until that recording day in November 1960, Eldridge and Mingus had never been in a studio together. When it was all over, "Little Jazz" (as Roy

had been known for decades) looked up at the big, round, bearded bass player, and said: "I'm glad I made this. I wanted to find out what bag you're in. Now I know you're in the right bag. I'm not naming names, but a lot of the young ones are so busy being busy on their instruments, they forget the basics. They don't get all the way down into the music. You did, baby. It's good to know. There are very few of us left out here."

Mingus beamed. The smile lit his face for hours. Having his roots certified by a patriarch of the music meant much more to Mingus than winning any polls. And having the confirming word come from Eldridge was particularly important. Years back, when Mingus was going to Jefferson High School in Los Angeles, Roy Eldridge had been invited to play there. Among his accompanists in the school band was Mingus.

"There was a guy in that band," Mingus once told me, "a black guy, who was putting down the older players like Roy. He said they couldn't play in tune, couldn't play in a section, and that they weren't *trained* at all. This kid was impressed by white technicians. I told Roy that day what this kid had said about him. Roy looked at me, held out his trumpet, and said, 'You see this horn. I play what I feel on it. That's jazz. You'd better find out about the music of your people. Someday you're going to thank me for talking to you like this.'"

Actually, Mingus already knew quite a lot about black music, but Eldridge's pointed homily came at a pivotal time, reminding him of certain cultural advantages that the white technicians hadn't had. Born in Nogales, Arizona, April 22, 1922, Mingus grew up in a part of Los Angeles called Watts that was to burn briefly into the national consciousness in the 1960s. In Watts, Mingus was first introduced to music in church:

"All the music I heard when I was a very young child was church music. I was eight or nine years old before I heard an Ellington record on the radio. My father went to the Methodist church; my stepmother would take me to a Holiness church. My father didn't

NAT HENTOFF has written widely on jazz. His most recent book on the subject is *Jazz Is*.

He pulled and stretched and set musical fire to all his musicians until each one was able to graduate having much deeper self-knowledge and far greater confidence than he had had before.

dig my mother going there. People went into trances and the congregation's response was wilder and more uninhibited than in the Methodist church. The blues was in the Holiness church—moaning and riffs and that sort of thing between the audience and the preacher."

ONCE OLD ENOUGH TO explore secular sounds on his own, Mingus listened to all the jazz bands that came to town. "When I first heard Duke Ellington in person," he recalled, "I almost jumped out of the balcony. One piece excited me so much I screamed. I also listened to Art Tatum a lot, and later, I tried to sit in with him, but he'd laugh at me." (To sit in with Tatum, a bassist had to have four hands or the equivalent speed.)

Yet, not too many years later, Mingus was working with Tatum. He also played with the ancient New Orleans trombonist, Kid Ory, even though his hipster peers advised him to avoid contact with such old-time sounds. But Mingus figured he ought to learn it all, or at least as much as he could. He worked with Louis Armstrong, Lionel Hampton, Red Norvo, Duke Ellington, Billy Taylor, Charlie Parker. And then, by the mid-1950s, it was time to keep growing on his own.

A Mingus Academy took shape—a series of jazz workshops that became the fierce testing ground for dozens of musicians. The compositions were his, but he demanded of his sidemen that they add strongly individual voices to his work. He could not abide smoothly interchangeable technicians, white or black. If one of his players started falling back on familiar patterns during a set, Mingus would loom over his bass and denounce the idler—clearly without hearing of the club's clientele. He pulled and stretched and set musical fire to his musicians until each one was able to graduate with much deeper

self-knowledge and confidence than he'd had on entering the workshop.

Never satisfied with his own playing, Mingus himself kept evolving. He became the preeminent bassist in jazz, using the full range of his instrument; playing with a deep, full, hugely reverberating sound; and creating solos that were more melodically inventive and daring than any ever heard on jazz or any other kind of bass. His compositions, meanwhile, encompassed a continually unexpected range of moods: dramatic epiphanies, sardonic skewerings of racism, and sweepingly lyrical statements of love, loss, and irrepressible hope. Mingus never, as he put it, "stylized" himself; he was always mov-

ing on to new forms, new ways of voicing instrumental lines, new approaches to making rhythms breathe.

In his spare time, Mingus became mighty polemicist. He was the first jazz musician, for instance, to answer critics—in letters to *Down Beat*, from the bandstand, at concerts. If they were musically ignorant, he would ask me, why should he let them get away with parading their ignorance as "authority"? Mingus was also one of the first jazzmen to publicly, ferociously question the accounting practices of the companies that recorded him. It had long been common knowledge in jazz that royalty statements tended to be fictive, but Mingus figured there was a matter of self-respect involved. Why should you let yourself be robbed in silence?

For a while he had his own label and did reasonably well with it. But there wasn't time enough for music, so Mingus, grumblingly, went back to the corporations. Finally, however, he was beginning to get the kind of money that might give him some economic security—an exceedingly rare condition for a jazz musician. Foreign bookings had just started to come in at \$10,000 a concert, and one of his



Atlantic albums, *Three or Four Shades of Blues*, had been a kind of hit.

Suddenly, or it seemed sudden, Mingus began having trouble playing. The trouble turned out to be amyotrophic lateral sclerosis ("Lou Gehrig's disease"). He found it harder and harder to move, and eventually was limited to a wheelchair. In the chair, he still went to hear music, and he still composed.

I saw Mingus, from time to time, the year before his death in January 1979, and he was astonishingly free of self-pity. He'd talk about ongoing musical projects (like a collaboration with Joni Mitchell). And about the future of the music. (He was not too sanguine, feeling that most of the younger players were deficient in "the basics.") And he told stories, like about the time he suggested to Duke Ellington that they, and some other musicians, record "a real avant-garde" album. Duke had smiled and said, "Mingus, let's not go back that far."

Mingus was also proud that he, like Duke Ellington, had never copied himself. "It's no fun," Mingus said, "when you copy yourself. And that, by the way, is why I was never influenced by any critic. He'd be writing about something I'd already done, and I was already working on something so different from what he was criticizing."

Or, as Mingus said years ago, "I'm trying to play the truth of what I am. The reason it's difficult is because I'm changing all the time."

He changed in his feelings about racism too. Not that he ever stopped being infuriated by it, but, as he told me a year before he became ill, "It's not only a question of color any more. It's getting deeper than that. I mean it's getting more and more difficult for a man and woman to just love. People are getting so fragmented, and part of that is that fewer and fewer people are making a real effort any more to find out exactly who they are and to build on that knowledge. Most people are forced to do things they don't want to most of the time, and so they get to the point where they feel they no longer have any choice about anything important, including who they are. We create our own slavery."

Not all of us, as Mingus showed all his life.

[Among currently available Mingus albums: *Charles Mingus Presents Charles Mingus* (Barnaby/Candid); *Cumbia & Jazz Fusion* (Atlantic); *Mingus Ah Um* (Columbia).]

F I L M

***Hardcore*, directed by Paul Schrader.**

Holy wars in the combat zone

STEPHEN HARVEY

ASSUMING THAT HOLLYWOOD ever had a Golden Age, then this must be the Age of Neoclassicism. If there's one quality that links such directors as Scorsese, De Palma, Spielberg, and Paul Schrader, it's ancestor worship; reared on the formulas that governed the Hollywood of yore and in awe of the directors who once mastered those formulas, these new filmmakers pay tribute to a tradition of American movie-making in the process of rejuvenating it. Yet ironically, the weakest works they've turned out have been their most blatant homages—movies like De Palma's *Obsession* and Scorsese's *New York, New York* (plus nearly the entire oeuvre of Peter Bogdanovich, whose encyclopedic memory is no substitute for talent) resemble crude plaster casts copied from the original burnished bronzes. At their best, however, each of these moviemakers has managed to perpetuate what he's loved most about American films, by infusing and transforming the medium with deeply personal strains derived from his own life and imagination.

Schrader's *Hardcore*, his sixth script and second directorial effort, is an especially arresting example. It certainly isn't necessary to know much about the biographical details of Schrader's life to appreciate his movies, but it helps to understand

what fuels them. Raised in a rigidly puritanical Dutch Calvinist community in Michigan, Schrader wasn't permitted to see his first movie until he was sixteen, and he spent the next few years in school making up for lost time. Ever since, on some level, his movies have always been about the collision between the values of his upbringing and the forbidden pleasures—cinematic and otherwise—so long denied him.

His script for *Obsession* was a scarcely disguised reworking of Hitchcock's *Vertigo*, and *Taxi Driver* told of a voyeur, repelled yet intrigued by the moral slime of the inner city, who is possessed of a lurid code of morality that demands the death sentence for those who transgress. Having drawn the film's hero as a clearly deranged figure, Schrader betrayed an equal measure of contempt for the climate that could create a character like Travis Bickel and for the gruesome urban landscape he surveys.

His newest film is a skillful synthesis of all the most distinctive elements of his past work. Once more an *auteur* classic (this time John Ford's *The Searchers*) is the springboard for a picaresque descent into a world of cosmopolitan depravity, as the main character seeks to redeem the innocence of his loved one who has disappeared without a trace. *Hardcore* is a much more temperate movie than *Taxi Driver* was. Schrader still views the world of the illicit with queasy horror and fascination mingled, but the zealot on the side of the angels is a patently decent and rational man, rather than the deluded fanatic in *Taxi Driver*. Despite his defection to godless Hollywood, Schrader seems to have conceived of this film as a gesture of reconciliation to the world of his past. Yet the movie's final message is that such a truce is impossible—no dual citizenship is permitted in those warring principalities of California and the American heartland.

Hardcore could hardly be more explicit in evoking Schrader's origins. The film opens in Grand Rapids, Michigan, Schrader's home town; the fictional inhabitants worship in the same church the director himself once

STEPHEN HARVEY is *INQUIRY's* film reviewer. He is coordinator of the film study program, Museum of Modern Art, New York City.

attended. It's a homogeneous world bound by the precepts of piety, tradition, and close family ties, and Schrader observes it with the matter-of-fact irony of an intimate. On the surface, togetherness rules, but in reality subtle divisions prevail: At the family Christmas gathering that opens the film, the wives putter cheerily in the kitchen and the kids watch a boogieing chorus line of Santas on TV while the breadwinners huddle in the dining room and chat about theology the way other men might discuss the prospects for next year's Super Bowl.

The bulwark of the community is one Jake Van Dorn (George C. Scott), father of a teen-age daughter and owner of a large local furniture factory. His puritanism is so deeply imbedded that it's practically a motor reflex; the sound of profanity makes him flinch, the notion of sex outside of the confines of marriage turns his stomach. Secure in the life bounded by his family and neighbors, and sure of the niche awaiting him in the hereafter, Jake feels that nothing could disturb this earthly paradise—a delusion shattered when his daughter, dispatched to a religious congress in California, slips away from her companions at Knotts Berry Farm to become part of the anonymous teen-age flotsam of Los Angeles. After Jake flies to the West Coast and hires a private investigator, Andy Mast (Peter Boyle), to locate her, a worse shock comes when the detective returns to the Midwest with evidence that the girl may still be among the living—evidence in the form of a sleazy pornographic loop with none other than Jake's daughter as subject and/or victim.

WHILE JAKE AND MAST represent opposing turfs (the detective refers to Grand Rapids as "that scumbag town" and Jake prides himself on being a man who doesn't "care who's on the Johnny Carson show"), it's clear that one couldn't exist without the other—California, both as place and as metaphor, is the sexual escape hatch for the repressed inhabitants of the Michigans of this world. The plot may hinge on the redemption of an adolescent; the film is really about the education of her middle-aged father. As with *The Searchers*, in which John Wayne set out to recover his niece captured by the Indians, the object of this quest is seen only fleetingly at the beginning and the end, and the odyssey viewed en-



tirely from the standpoint of the hunter.

When Jake first arrives in L.A., his somber business suit and disapproving frown etched in granite peg him immediately as a threatening intruder. He soon realizes that if he's going to penetrate this world of massage parlors, topless dives, and porno factories, he needs to assume some protective coloring to blend into the territory. So he stuffs his burly frame into denim leisure suits and palm-frond-spattered sportshirts, masks his disgust behind sunglasses and a with-it leer, and drafts a compliant hooker (Season Hubley) to act as native guide through this neon jungle. As new leads extend the trail to San Diego and San Francisco, Jake comes to realize that the moral armor plating he's assumed over a lifetime has also insulated him from any emotional contact with that great majority of humans who don't share his moral code. Finally viewing his traveling companion as something other than a subhuman scourge, he admits painfully that he's not a widower after all—his wife had long since walked out on him, presumably in search of a mate with a greater tolerance for human frailty. The denouement brings his past inadequacies into glaring focus: Only by showing his own vulnerability beneath the façade

of the forbidding patriarch can Jake hope to extricate his daughter from a demimonde she chose for herself.

This subject has been treated before, on the home screen if not in the movies, but *Hardcore* is light-years removed from the titillating sentimentality of *Dawn: Portrait of a Teenage Runaway* and its sort. Schrader's compassion for his characters is tempered by an intelligent detachment. Few recent movies have been as sharply written as this; moreover, it's the first ambitious movie in ages to acknowledge that even the most serious of themes can have its humorous side from time to time. The unlikely pairing of the crusader and the prostitute has all sorts of comic possibilities, and Schrader takes full advantage of them without ever distorting the essentially sober thrust of the plot.

Schrader's cleverest stroke in developing these two characters is the realization that Jake and Niki are divided by a wall of syntax as well as morality. Between his terse, sanctimonious bromides and her torrent of gospel according to Werner et al., sprinkled with the appropriate expletives, each can barely make out what the other is saying most of the time. Visually the film is a distinct improvement over last year's *Blue Collar*, Schrader's directorial debut, but his ear is still more

nely developed than his eye. Where Scorsese jolted Schrader's script for *Taxi Driver* with a transfusion of bitter imagery capturing precisely the right one of nightmarish squalor, *Hardcore*'s angle of vision seems more tentative and indiscriminate, even though Schrader has employed the same gifted cameraman, Michael Chapman.

Nevertheless the power of his script comes through undiluted, aided in no small part by the simmering intensity of the performances. With *Blue Collar* Schrader demonstrated his ability to channel the eccentricities of a performer like Richard Pryor to suit the dimensions of his script, and *Hardcore* emphatically confirms this gift. For probably the first time since *Patton*, Scott is confronted with a role that matches his stature and complexity as an actor, and he rises to the challenge by inhabiting the character rather than overwhelming it with the sheer force of his personality. Scott manages throughout to rein in that charging physicality he's endowed with—here he uses his body as a dead weight, an appendage to his soul, his capacity for love and carnality atrophied from disuse and repression. Yet, when these pent-up feelings eventually erupt, Scott reveals himself unsparingly. The four-de-force sequence of Jake's reaction to his daughter's pornographic film may be the most masterfully controlled piece of work Scott has ever delivered. The audience sees only the briefest snippets of the girl's amateurish high jinks, but they're all conveyed in the successive waves of rage and nausea that cross Scott's face as tears stream past the fingers clasped over his horrified eyes.

Scott's unfailing persuasiveness redeems even those few moments when Schrader's own instincts falter. The reunion of father and daughter marks the most direct reference to the Ford film, and like its predecessor it's far too abrupt a resolution of the story to be really plausible, but the nakedness of Scott's emotional plea for forgiveness is almost unendurably moving all the same. Both star and director owe each other an enormous debt: Scott has Schrader to thank for reminding us what a peerless actor he can be when the circumstances are right, while Schrader has found in Scott the perfect vessel for the most personal testament he's committed to the screen thus far. Their collaboration in *Hardcore* has resulted in a movie of uncommon intelligence and guts. ■

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATES: \$0.25 PER word, minimum insertion \$5.00. Six to 11 insertions: 10 percent off; 12 or more insertions: 20 percent off. Payment must accompany insertion order: *INQUIRY*, 1700 Montgomery St., San Francisco, CA 94111. Copy should be received 30 days before each semimonthly cover date. *INQUIRY* reserves the right to refuse advertisements that we consider to be of questionable taste or intent. Additional information regarding advertising rates or terms will be sent upon request.

Publications

SUBSCRIBE TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN Employment Newsletter!! Current openings—all occupations!! Colorado, Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming!! Write today for free details to Inter-mountain-4W, 3506 Birch, Cheyenne, Wyoming 82001.

COVERTACTION INFORMATION BULLE-tin. Exposing the CIA; with Philip Agee and others. Six issues/\$10 (SA, Europe/\$16; Asia, Africa/\$18—air). CAIB, Box 50272, Washington, D.C. 20004. Specify commence with #2 or #3 (current). SPECIAL: New subscribers may simultaneously order "Dirty Work: The CIA in Western Europe" (list \$24.95) for \$14.95.

READ STATE AND MIND, A QUARTERLY journal of "psycho-politics" that exposes the mental health system, advocates for patients' rights, and explores the personal/political aspects of everyday life. Sample copy \$1.00. Subscription \$4.00/year. P.O. Box 89, Dept. I, Somerville, MA 02144.

FLATULENT? (FREQUENTLY?) FEAR NOT! Read Benjamin Franklin's long-suppressed essay of 1780 on (believe it or not) farting. Hilarious! Framable. \$3. "Essay," Box 69-B, Carrboro, NC 27510.

NO TIME TO READ? LITERATURE OF *Liberty* is your magazine. A quarterly journal abstracting important articles from nearly 400 journals—international in scope. Each issue features a bibliographical essay and 100 abstracts in Philosophy, Political Science, Law, Economics, History, and more. \$12/4 issues. *Literature of Liberty*, Box I, 1700 Montgomery St., San Francisco, CA 94111.

THE PEOPLE'S GUIDE TO CAMPAIGN *Politics*, by Gary Robert Schwedes. Definitive work on local campaign techniques. Nominated in "Washington Monthly" for "Political Book of the Year Award." Send \$3.30 to: Schwedes Campaign Consultants, 1725 The Promenade, #224-K, Santa Monica, CA 90401.

NEW—STARTLING REVELATIONS—"Secrets of Roosevelt's Last Election Campaign." \$3.75 postpaid. "ROOSEVELT," Box 7402, Chicago, IL 60680.

THE SOCIALIST REPUBLIC LIVES. UNFOR-tunately, only as a magazine at present. But read it. Become convinced: The real thing, the socialist-democratic republic, is within our reach. Six issues, \$3. Write: League for Socialist Reconstruction, P.O. Box 80-I, New York, NY 10010.

Services

BECOME LEGALLY ORDAINED MINISTER. Perform gay and straight weddings. Send \$5 donation to: Church of World Peace, P.O. Box 12514, Denver, CO 80212.

SAVE 10-35% ON ANY BOOK IN PRINT. Write for FREE BROCHURE. Academic Book Club, P.O. Box 1507/IY1, Kingston, Canada K7L 5C7.

BOOK SEARCHING CONTROVERSIAL; Scholarly; Rare; Lists available, all subjects. REGENT HOUSE, 108 N. Roselake, Los Angeles, CA 90026.

PROFESSIONAL EDITS, REVISES, TYPES manuscripts, doctorals, transcribes cassettes. Political science, literature, education, fiction, non-fiction specialist. Marye Myers, Box 2435-D, Pasadena, CA 91105.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK? JOIN OUR SUCCESS-ful authors. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. INQ, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

Merchandise

NON-VOTING IS BEAUTIFUL! JOIN NON-Voter League of America-NOVOLA. Send \$10 for T-Shirt (SMLXL), button, bumper sticker, pamphlet, "Non-voting as Political Response." NOVOLA, Box 6151, San Rafael, CA 94903.

ENJOY! SERVE! EIGHT HEALTHFUL, AL-coholic drinks! Expert reveals nutrition secrets, recipes! Rush \$1.00 ("Refundable!"). Gourmet, 5133-J Fairhill, Philadelphia, PA 19120.

Employment

EARN UP TO \$500 PER THOUSAND—STUFF-ing envelopes and mailing. Details 25¢ to: Paul Douglas Co., 4 Van Orden Place, Clifton, NJ 07011.

Miscellaneous

TREASURE HUNT CLUES. YOUR CHILDREN can have lots of fun following my clues to treasures in your own home. You need 8 or 10 clues for each exciting treasure hunt. I'll send you 100 rhymed clues for \$3 postpaid and include instructions. You can have many treasure hunts from this collection. Penna. residents add 6% sales tax. Charles O. Harris, P.O. Box 572, Gettysburg, PA 17325.

THROW AN ANTI-INFLATION PARTY. Decorate with wild balloons, auction with pseudo-money. Kit contains bumper strip, "Inflation is Government Fraud," and many other useful items. \$2 postpaid. From COMFORT, Box 1442, Mission, KS 66222.

MOVING TOWARD A NEW SOCIETY—Analysis, Vision, Strategy for a decentralized, democratic, ecologically sound world. \$4.00 postpaid. MNS, 4722 Baltimore Ave., Box DD, Philadelphia, PA 19143.

THE DIRECTIONS FOR ALLEVIATING World Hunger lie in the establishment of an International Grain Reserve with shared cost among nations and strict controls so as not to interfere with American Farmers or World Farmers on their equitable return on investment but to serve the purpose of preventing famine and severe malnutrition among peoples of the world. The directions lie also in a Nutritional Impact Study that multinational corporations (U.S. & others) policies do not impede food deficient countries from developing a more nutritional diet for their native population or the policies of the countries themselves of putting cash crops above the real nutritional needs of the native population. — W. Flaherty

LETTERS

Letters to the editor should be addressed to INQUIRY Magazine, 1700 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California 94111. The editors reserve the right to edit letters for length when necessary.

The real Jerry Jarvis

I AM SICK AND TIRED OF THE ill-informed or short-memored commentators who characterize Jerry Brown as a chameleon on taxing and spending issues, as David Osborne did in "The Democrats change their tax stripes" [INQUIRY, Dec. 25, 1978]. From the time of his first gubernatorial campaign, Brown has not only preached, but practiced, radical reduction in spending. Proponents of the welfare state have never had any doubt where Brown stood; he was taking enormous flack over his smaller-is-better ideology at a time when Howard Jarvis was still a forgotten relic of California extremist politics.

It is true that Jerry Brown opposed Proposition 13. So did many other people, even people who were enthusiastically in accord with its general objectives. It is still too early to tell whether such opponents were right in believing that Proposition 13 was too drastic a first step. But no one could call their viewpoint unreasonable.

When Proposition 13 passed, Jerry Brown moved rapidly and efficiently to implement it in a manner that minimized the adverse consequences that have been feared. If Proposition 13 can be judged a success, it is largely due to Jerry Brown.

More important, however, is that, unlike many other politicians, Jerry Brown was not simply reading the handwriting on the wall. He was bowing to public sentiment with which he was fundamentally in accord and which his own previously expressed view had helped stimulate.

DON B. KATES, JR.
San Francisco, Calif.

Jerry Brown may be frugal with his own money, but when it comes to the taxpayers' loot, he's anything but cheap. According to a study prepared last year by the legislative analyst's office in Sacramento, state spend-

ing during Brown's first term increased at an average annual rate of 6.5 percent. (This is adjusted for inflation and population growth.) By comparison, spending rose an average of 3.1 percent a year during Ronald Reagan's tenure in office, and 5.7 percent a year while Pat Brown was governor.

Where does the extra money for Jerry Brown's big spending come from? Out of the pockets of taxpayers, in the form of a hidden tax increase. Although Brown has kept his promise not to raise tax rates, inflation has done his dirty work for him. Because California state income-tax brackets weren't indexed to compensate for the effects of inflation, wage earners have been pushed into higher tax brackets and forced to pay a bigger percentage of their income in taxes. When Brown took office in 1975, the state was taking \$7.62 per \$100 of personal income; last year that figure had soared to \$8.60, a tax increase of 13 percent.

Like Mr. Kates, we're awfully tired of calling Jerry Brown a chameleon, but we were afraid that "liar" was being overused.—EDITORS

Why Brokaw smiles

CONCERNING YOUR "RES Publica" item [INQUIRY, Jan. 8 & 22, 1979] about the Small Business Administration's minority loan program: To what minority does Tom Brokaw belong?

MARTIN H. GURLEY, JR.
Lexington, Va.

As we reported in an earlier "Res Publica," Tom Brokaw belongs to that select minority of Americans who received loans from an SBA program designed to help "disadvantaged" citizens buy broadcasting stations.—EDITORS

Metric madness

JOEL KOTKIN AND DOROTHY Samuels's "Reefer madness revisited" [INQUIRY Feb. 5, 1979] contains a most startling statement that should be brought to the authors' attention.

The authors state "90 percent of . . . marijuana-related arrests in 1977 were for possession of one ounce or less. About 60 percent of the busts involved possession of 30 grams or less." Since one ounce equals approximately 28.4

grams, you will immediately observe that the two pieces of "statistics" are in direct conflict.

Would it be possible to determine if the authors simply quoted a statistic in some governmental report without critical analysis, or did they arrive at that statistic through their own analysis of raw data?

MORTON BROW.
Wilmington, De

The conflict between the two statistics arose from conflating information from separate government sources. According to federal statistics, 90 percent of arrests for possession of marijuana involved less than one ounce. According to state reports, 60 percent of arrests in major cities are for possession of less than 30 grams. The point is still the same: that the DEA's crusade against marijuana will most likely affect the little guy.

We regret any misunderstanding this may have caused. Our only defense is that this is what happens when the government tries to force conversion to the metric system.—EDITORS

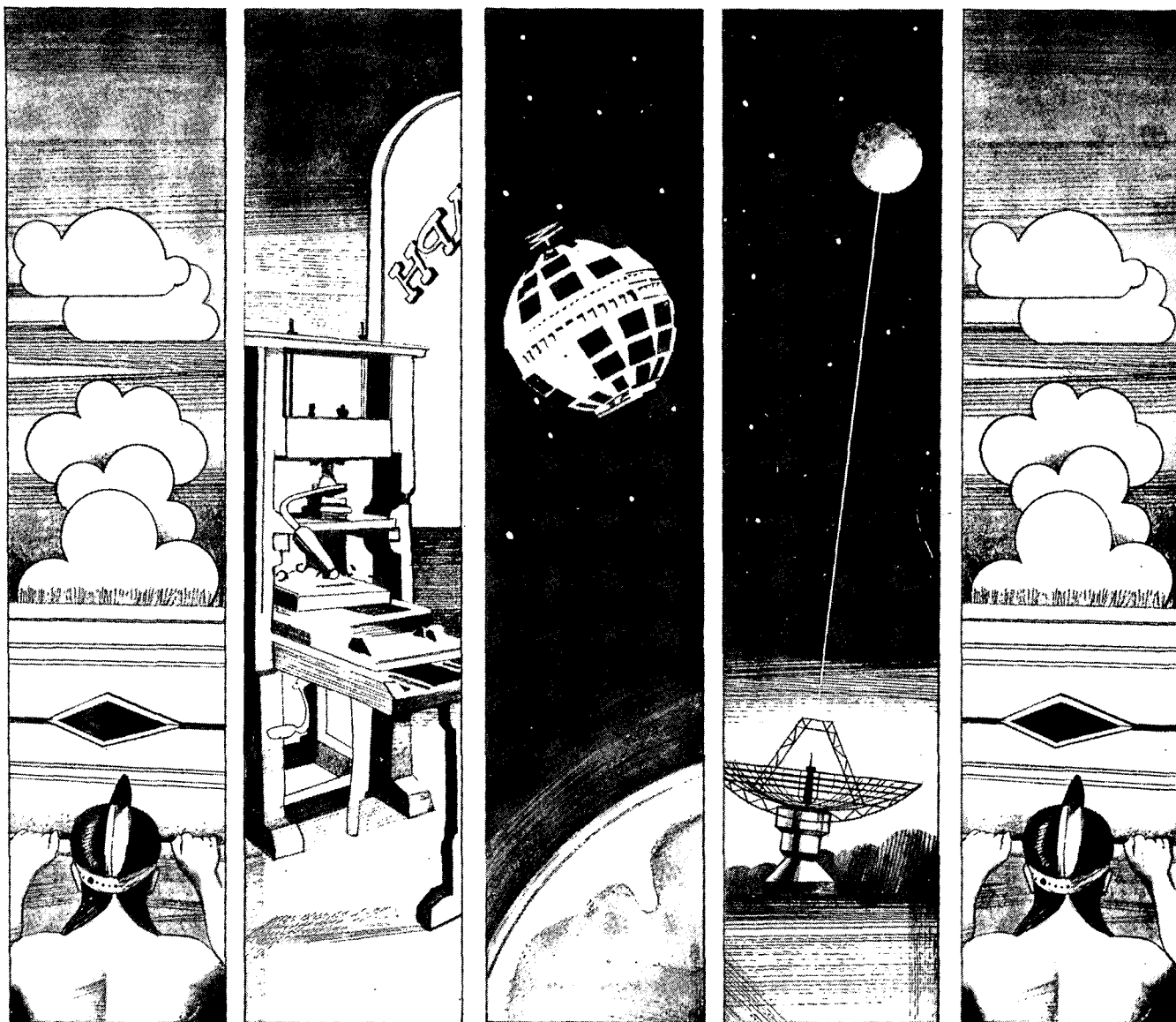
Hate campaign

TO A READER FREQUENTLY sensitive to the nonsensical government trends you report, your informative article on the renewed marijuana hostilities [INQUIRY, Feb. 5 1979] was most welcome.

Carter's marijuana policy, like so many of his programs and policies, is sadly half-stepping. The unfortunate victims of national and state pot enforcement, like the victims of his other tidbit pronouncements that preceded hasty retractions or policy retreats bring to mind the abandoned human rights campaign, the nation's neglected farmers (everywhere but Georgia), and the advocates of military disarmament.

The DEA's Bensinger is working up a full-scale hate crusade based on his own bloody lust for power at any expense. In fact, this helps to explain how the fiscal waste and the sheer economics of the matter fail to impress the bureaucracy.

SCOTT W. CRYTSEI
Finleyville, Penn.



We can't afford to run out of ideas.

How many ideas do you suppose it took to develop human communications from smoke signals that covered a few miles to satellites and laser beams that reach from here to the moon? Most of those ideas came from college-trained minds and college-based laboratories. Now these vital sources of ideas are threatened — by shortages of money that are forcing

colleges to curtail programs, reduce faculty, limit laboratory work, cut down on book purchases for libraries. We must not let this deterioration continue. We can't afford to run out of ideas. Or we may all be back to smoke signals again before we realize it.

***Make America smarter.
Give to the college of your choice.***

Council for Financial Aid to Education, Inc.
680 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019

A Public Service of This Magazine
& The Advertising Council



What this country needs is a magazine with **TEETH!**

INQUIRY is the national political magazine with teeth... It cuts through the confusion of today's politics and bites hard. That's because **INQUIRY** is the only magazine that looks at the current political scene with an entirely fresh point of view. While others — liberals and conservatives alike — offer up the same tired, old explanations, **INQUIRY** has insights and new answers. **INQUIRY** is an adventure onto new political ground ... where you can find exciting articles by such daring and unpredictable writers as...

☐ **MURRAY N. ROTHBARD** on the real story behind the Panama Canal treaty: *The treaty that Wall Street wrote.*

☐ **NOAM CHOMSKY** on the question of justice in the Mideast.

INQUIRY

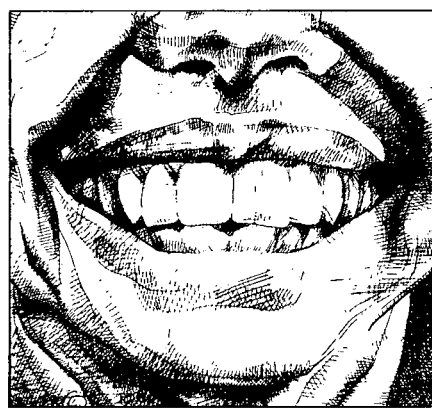
MAGAZINE

Britain's Attack on Civil Liberties

Colorado's Sunset Law Is Setting

Hentoff: Protecting Reporter's Sources

The Crisis of Liberal Internationalism
HUMAN RIGHTS HYPOCRISIES
By EARL C. RAVENAL



☐ **KARL HESS** with a civil libertarian's account of West Virginia's textbook controversies.

☐ **DAVID WISE** on the Carter administration's new secrecy legislation: *Toward an Official Secrets Act.*

☐ **DON B. KATES** on gun control: *A liberal's argument against a favorite liberal panacea.*

☐ **MARJORIE BOYD** on government reorganization: *Carter's big lie.*

☐ plus regular columns by **NAT HENTOFF** — "First Amendment Watch" — and **THOMAS SZASZ** — "The Therapeutic State."

☐ plus book reviews by such writers as **PETER SCHRAG**, **PENNY LERNOUX**, **VICTOR MARCHETTI**, **EUGENE McCARTHY**, **NOEL PERRIN**, **ANTHONY BURGESS**, and others.

Act now and get the next year of **INQUIRY** (20 biting issues) for just \$12.50.

Yes,

send me the next year of **INQUIRY** for \$12.50, half off the regular newsstand price.

☐ 1 yr \$12.50 ☐ 2 yrs \$22.50 ☐ 3 yrs. \$30.00

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please return to: **INQUIRY**, P.O. Box 2500, Menlo Park, California 94025 or
CALL TOLL FREE: 800-621-5809 (In ILLINOIS, 800-972-5858)

licensed to UNZ.org

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED